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## PIERCE NAMED SEALER REQUIRED 142 BALLOTS

State College Man Chosen by Commissioners.

### DEADLOCK IS BROKEN

**Selection Followed Adoption of Second Choice Plan—Position Pays $1000 a Year and Expenses—Were About 90 Applicants.**

The deadlock among the Board of County Commissioners on the selection of a Sealer of Weights and Measures was broken on the 142d ballot yesterday afternoon, Deemer Pierce, of State College, being elected. All told 16 ballots were taken during the day, 15 of which were just as fruitless as had been the previous 127. Thoroughly wearied and no little disgusted with the long-drawn out battle, the Commissioners went into session late Wednesday afternoon determined to come to some conclusion before adjournment. Pierce's selection quickly followed.

The way the deadlock was broken was as follows: All three Commissioners agreed to consider a second choice for the position. Commissioner Grove had been for Pierce from the start. Commissioner Miller, who had been voting without a break for former Register Frank Smith, said that before he would take up J. M. Cunningham he would vote for Pierce. Commissioner Noll, whose original choice was Cunningham, said that his second choice was Pierce. With Commissioner Grove for Pierce all through, and Noll and Miller for Pierce as a second choice, the deadlock was at an end and Pierce was chosen unanimously.

When the Commissioners met last Thursday to make the appointment they found themselves hopelessly divided. They took 100 ballots and adjourned. An equally fruitless session was held the following day, 27 additional ballots making no change in the situation. A meeting was scheduled for Tuesday but it failed to materialize. Wednesday morning 15 ballots left matters still in the air. Wednesday afternoon's session gave the plum to Pierce over about 90 other applicants. The position pays $1000 a year and necessary expenses. The appointee may be removed only for cause.

### TAKEN ILL ON STREET

**Postmaster Harry C. Valentine Suffered Attack of Vertigo on Wednesday.**

Postmaster Harry C. Valentine, one of Bellefonte's most prominent citizens, suffered a severe attack of vertigo while walking from the postoffice to his home at noon on Wednesday. He was removed to his home on West Curtin Street where he rallied after a time. He was reported today to be resting comfortably.

Mr. Valentine was walking out Allegheny Street with District Attorney J. C. Furst at the time he was taken ill. Placing his left hand over his heart he had casually remarked that he had not been feeling very well during the morning.

When in front of the new School Building Mr. Valentine asked Mr. Furst to support him and the next instant he collapsed. An automobile was summoned and he was removed to his home and physicians called. They attributed his collapse to a badly disordered stomach. It is their belief that he will be able to be about in a short time.

**Trade Boosters Here.**

Harrisburg's Board of Trade, on a tour of trade boosting through the central part of the State, stopped over for several hours in Bellefonte last Thursday. A public meeting was held in the Court House for the visitors, who were accompanied by a brass band. Judge Quigley delivered a brief address of welcome and responses were made by F. L. Wright, John F. Sweeney and Controller Goss, of Harrisburg. The visitors expressed themselves as well pleased with their reception in Bellefonte. The aim of the jaunt to various towns was to stimulate interest in buying from wholesale dealers in Harrisburg.

**John Noble Dead.**

John Noble, a prominent Mason and well known citizen of Lock Haven, died at his late home at that place last Saturday morning. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Orrin T. Noble and was born at Howard on June 20th, 1850. He removed to Lock Haven when a young man. The greater part of his life was devoted to the printing and publishing business. Surviving are his widow, who was formerly Miss Minnie Macarty, and a brother, James Noble, of Lock Haven. Interment was made at Lock Haven on Monday.

### AGAIN SEEKS LICENSE

**Petition Filed to Have Court Re-open Rebersburg Hotel Case.**

W. Harrison Walker, as counsel, last Saturday filed with Prothonotary Foreman a petition asking Judge Quigley to re-open the application of Clarence E. Long who was refused a liquor license for the Rebersburg hotel by Jupge Orvis shortly before the latter retired from the bench. The petition is returnable the first Monday in March, prior to which time opponents to the granting of such a license must file their answer. The latter are represented by W. D. Zerby as counsel.

The case gives promise of being bitterly fought for and against. The Rebersburg hotel license was accorded more or less prominence in the last license court conducted by Judge Orvis owing to certain affidavits made by Clarence E. Long in last fall's campaign for Judge. Mr. Long made affidavit that he had been asked to make a large contribution to the Orvis campaign fund. The affidavits were exploited as campaign material in the interest of Judge Quigley. Subsequently opponents of Long fought his application for renewal of his license. The matter was thoroughly aired in court. Long was refused a license. Unless his application is re opened and a new license granted the Rebersburg hotel will be "dry" after April 1st.

By most persons it was supposed that his application having been refused by Judge Orvis, Long would be compelled to wait one year before filing another application. It seems, however,, that this is not the case. As a precedent there is cited the case of Mr. Hindle, who after being refused a license for a Philipsburg hotel had his application re-opened and the license granted. This occurred in recent years and while Judge Orvis was on the bench.

### SISTERS IN JAIL

**Edith and Bessie Wyle, of Philipsburg Charged with Larceny.**

Edith and Bessie Wyle, sisters, aged 16 and 14 years, respectively, of Philipsburg, were lodged in the jail here last week charged with larceny. It is alleged that on November 18th, 1915, they stole two or more pairs of gloves from a store in Philipsburg. The older sister apparently was not much concerned when taken to jail, but the younger one was overcome with grief and wept for hours.

It seems that the two girls were released on bail after the charge of larceny was filed against them, and it is barely possible the matter would have been allowed to drift had they manifested a desire to conduct themselves in a manner to suggest repentance. On the contrary they gambled with fate and the first thing they knew they were picked up and hustled off to jail.

For some time, so the officials explained, the two girls while out on bail and supposed to be on their good behavior, represented to their parents that they were employed in a Philipsburg laundry. Each day their mother carefully packed a lunch basket for them and they departed supposedly for the laundry. This deception continued for quite a while. Instead of going to the laundry the two sisters roamed about in the outskirts of Philipsburg. Finally the man who had gone on their bond learned of what they were doing and he promptly surrendered them to the police. When the mother of the girls learned how they had deceived her she reluctantly concluded that some punishment would be necessary. Accordingly they were brought to the Bellefonte jail.

**McAllister Scholarships.**

McAllister scholarships, at the Pennsylvania State College, will be awarded this year to the students from Cameron, Centre, Clinton, Forest and Juniata counties. Those five counties show the highest ratio of students enrolled in the college to the population of the county. The scholarships are worth $90 in cash, and are valid for one year. To select the candidates for the scholarships, high school principals and county superintendents in each county will conduct competive examinations in the following branches:—algebra to quadratics, plane geometry, English grammar, English classics, United States History and civil government. The appointments will be made before June 1.

**Oyster Supper at Gap.**

The Pleasant Gap Fire Company will hold an oyster supper in Noll's Hall, at Pleasant Gap, Saturday evening, February 26th. Your patronage will be appreciated.

The annual banquet of the Ex-Sheriffs Association of Centre County was held on Tuesday evening at the Country Club at Hecla. An innovation was the presence of the wives of a number of the members of the association.

## PENNINGTON AND MARCH DIE IN ELECTRIC CHAIR

Delaware County Murderers Put to Death Monday.

### NEITHER MAN FLINCHED

**First Double Execution at New Penitentiary—Many Believed to Last Pennington Would be Commuted to Life Imprisonment.**

The first double electrocution at the new penitentiary was that Monday morning between 7 and 8 o'clock when Roland S. Pennington and George H. March were put to death for the murder of Edward Lewis Pinkerton in Delaware County. Both men went unflinchingly to the death chair. Neither required assistance from the prison guards. If anything the two condemned men were more composed than some of the jurors and witnesses.

Pennington was the first to go to the chair. It required but a few seconds to adjust the straps. Four electric shocks were applied, although he virtually was dead after the first current of 2100 volts passed through his body. The first shock was applied at 7.20 o'clock. At 7.26 the fourth shock had been applied and physicians had pronounced life extinct. No time was lost in removing Pennington's lifeless body from the chair and bringing March from his cell, into the execution room. The straps were adjusted and at 7.34 the first shock was applied. At 7.42 March was pronounced dead. Four shocks were applied, as with Pennington.

In neither execution was there the slightest hitch. Nor was there any suggestion of a scene to add to the horror of the grewsome proceeding. Throughout their last night alive Pennington and March had with them their spiritual adviser, Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum, of Bellefonte. The two men had become greatly attached to the venerable minister since their removal to the death house some weeks ago. Dr. Yocum, after his regular church service in Bellefonte Sunday evening, went to the death house and through the long hours comforted them as much as was possible. Greatly affected by the sadness of the occasion, Dr. Yocum remained with Pennington and March to the very last.

It was not until the official announcement that both murderers had been electrocuted that most persons abandoned the belief that Pennington, at least, would be saved from the chair by a reprieve by Governor Brumbaugh. The theory of some was that March would be electrocuted and Pennington commuted to life imprisonment. They looked for intervention by the Governor up to the very minute Pennington was marched into the death chamber. Nothing of the kind occurred. Following the executions the bodies were claimed by the fathers of the two men and shipped home for burial.

A colored man, convicted some time ago for murder in Greensburg, will be brought to the death house today. His execution is scheduled for next Monday morning.

**Great Evangelist Campaign.**

Rev. W. A. Wissinger arrived in town Monday to conduct the campaign held in the United Brethren Church. He is being listened to every night by large and attentive audiences. Tuesday evening he spoke effectively on the subject, "Fellowship with Jesus." And on Wednesday evening on "Christ's Prayer in the Garden." Friday evening he will speak on the subject, "A Personal Question." On Sunday afternoon a meeting will be held for women only. Subject, "Mother, Home and Heaven."

The attendance has been increasing every night and deep interest is being manifested.

One night last week after the service was over, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. MacLeod were invited to the basement of the church. After the lights had been turned on they found the congregation which was supposed to have gone home, awaiting them with about $25 worth of groceries. All went home after a short social period leaving the pastor and his family quite happy over their great "pounding."

**Mrs. Michael S. Fiedler Dead.**

Mrs. Sarah Harter Fiedler, wife of Michael S. Fiedler, died last Saturday at her late home at Millheim. She was aged 75 years and 25 days. Surviving are her husband, a sister Mrs. Kate Neese, of Rebersburg, and a brother, G. W. Fiedler, of Millheim. Funeral services were held at Millheim on Tuesday.

## 45 PAROLED PRISONERS RETURN HOME TO FIGHT

Foreigners Enlist Before Serving Out Sentence.

### PRAISE FOR ROCKVIEW

**Report on Parole System Shows Splendid Results from Honor Plan Among Convicts—Outdoor Life Improves Health of Men.**

About 45 men who have been released from the Western Penitentiary on paroles have violated the agreements under which they were given their freedom by joining various belligerent armies of Europe. This fact was contained in a report of the operation of the parole system at the penitentiary from June 24, 1910 to December 31, 1915, which has just been prepared. These 45 men are the foreigners who have been declared delinquent because of the violation of their paroles.

In the report, particular emphasis is placed upon the fact that only 19 of the 902 prisoners who have been paroled have been resentenced by the courts of Pennsylvania. In view of the fact that 41.9 per cent of the probationers are foreign-born, and as this report covers a period of general business depression in which it was almost impossible to find work for the paroled men, this is taken as an unusual evidence of the efficacy of the parole system. During the period specified, 74 of those paroled were returned for various offenses by the parole department, 19 were resentenced by the courts for crimes committed during the probationary period, 25 died while on parole, 62 absconded and are at large, eight have been located in other prisons and 242 have been granted absolute pardons in recognition of meritorious conduct while at liberty. A number of prisoners who absconded were captured in distant States and were returned to serve their unexpired maximum sentences.

The system at the Western Penitentiary requires every ward to send a written report to the parole officer each month, giving a detailed statement concerning conduct, movements, employment, earnings, etc. These reports are verified by the countersignature of reputable and trustworthy persons known to the prison officials. This plan, with a mild system of espionage and investigation devoid of any element of "hounding," has proved efficient. Many of the wards who were returned for violation by the parole officers was due to their failure to support their families, for habitual drunkenness, or for abusing their families, while others were retaken for carrying concealed weapons, and associating with criminals.

The ward during his or her period of conditional freedom must be employed. This has caused the inmates to concentrate their minds upon obtaining a position to assume upon their release. The parole department has been instrumental in many cases of procuring employment for the prisoners. Upon the release of an inmate from the penitentiary, he is required to report at once to his employer or to a person who will assume responsibility for the prisoner's conduct during the period of parole. Some of the most notorious criminals in the State have been paroled from the Western Penitentiary and the deportment of these men has been meritorious.

The prison farm at Rockview nearby Bellefonte has proved a wonderful test of the trustworthiness of the prisoners. More than 90 per cent of those released from the institution are paroled from Rockview. The men who are transferred to Rockview are placed solely upon their honor. This tract is not surrounded by a prison wall, nor heavily guarded by the methods employed in the usual State prison. Good deportment earns for a prisoner his release at the expiration of his minimum sentence. That the experiment has proved a marked success is evidenced by the fact that only 10 prisoners of the more than 1,000 who have been transferred to the farm escaped, and of this number all have been recaptured save two. This record is perhaps unprecedented at a prison such as Rockview, as the plant is devoid of the orthodox preventions for escape.

**Marriage Licenses.**

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

| | |
|---|---|
| Newton A. Miller, Beatrice L. Mong, | Moshannon Pine Grove Mills |
| Albert R. Hemphill, Anna M. Schenck, | State College " |
| Robert E. P. Snyder, Jennie S. Stahl, | State College Centre Hall |

### COUNCIL IN SESSION

**Number of Expense and Damage Bills Ordered Laid on Table.**

Bellefonte borough Council at the regular meeting Monday night rejected several bills which had been under consideration for some time past. One was a bill for damages submitted by Wilfred I. Miller, who claimed that an axle on his automobile had been broken as a result of a defective street. A request from the Geo. L. Jackson Camp, Spanish-American War Veterans Association, that Council aid in defraying expenses incurred on Memorial Day last year also was turned down. Council also voted against paying for Commercial telephones in the homes of Policemen Dukeman and Yerger.

J. Harry Eberhart, Thomas Hazel and Samuel D. Gettig, representing Bellefonte Lodge of Odd Fellows, were present and formally invited members of Council to participate in the celebration here on the occasion of the thirty-second annual convention of Odd Fellows on April 25th. Council was asked to co-operate in maintaining an open line for the parade, in which thousands of Odd Fellows will march through the principal streets of the town. The committee was assured that Council would co-operate in every way possible to contribute to the success of the event.

President Walker announced the reappointment of G. Fred Musser as a trustee of the Pruner Orphanage. A. M. Barr was appointed to assist with an auditor from Blair County in making the annual audit of the Orphanage accounts for the last year.

Council approved the following bonds: Thomas Morgan and Alexander Morrison, Overseers of the Poor, $2,000, each, and Leander Green, High Constable, $100.

**Real Estate Transfers**

Recorder William H. Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers:

George H. Yarnell, sheriff, to Jared Harper, tract in Bellefonte: $505.

J. B. Irish, et al, to Joseph Bartko, tract in Rush Twp.; $60.50.

Lewis A. Chase to Simon Ziff, tract in Philipsburg; $3125.

Mercantile Realty Co. to Ray S. McKeehan, tract in Rush Township; $500.

Philip F. Garbrick, et ux, to Ray S. McKeehan, tract in Rush Twp.; $1248.

Catherine L. McCloskey, et bar, to Howard F. McCloskey, tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; $500.

Doubaline K. Cummings to Lyda Siegle, tract in Gregg Twp.; $1400.

Mercantile Realty Co. to W. F. DeLancey, tract in Rush Twp.; $4000.

H. C. Warfel, et ux, to John Smutzinger, tract in Philipsburg; $250.

Sarah E. Black to Annie Garland, tract in Rush Twp.; $325.

William D. Campbell, to Sarah Neff, tract in Boggs Twp.; $200.

Jessie T. Leathers, et ux, to Samuel E. Weber, tract in Spring Twp.; $500.

Anna M. Shortlidge to Jas Mylo Campbell, et al, tract in State College; $5700.

Harry M. Showers, et ux, to Catherine Struble, tract in Walker Twp.; $800.

**The Post Office Situation.**

There has been more or less discussion of late as to the Bellefonte post office situation, and particularly as to whether the appointment of P. H. Gherrity has been confirmed. The writer interviewed Mr. Gherrity on the subject this week. Mr. Gherrity says that on January 21st he received formal notice from Daniel C. Roper, first assistant postmaster general at Washington, that he had been appointed and that the appointment had been confirmed by the Senate on January 18th. Mr. Gherrity said further that he had filed his bond with the department at Washington as requested and that he would no doubt receive his commission in the next few days.

**Hearing on Compensation Case.**

The first hearing in this section on a case growing out of the new workmen's compensation law was held in Bellefonte last Thursday. Charles Nighthart was the plaintiff, claiming compensation for injuries sustained while aiding in installing an oven at the Ceader bakery. Nighthart was at the time of the accident in the employ of the Standard Steam Oven Co., of Pittsburgh. The hearing was held before W. W. Champion, of Williamsport, State referee for this district. Several witnesses testified as to Nighthart having his arm injured. For the Standard Steam Oven Co. it was contended that they knew nothing of the accident until formally notified from Harrisburg. Referee Champion has forwarded to the department at Harrisburg all the testimony in the matter. The department will make a ruling in the near future.

## LOCAL OPTIONISTS TO FIGHT FOR LEGISLATURE

C. L. Gramley Put Forward to Oppose Harry B. Scott.

### BRUMBAUGH FOR HIM

**Conference with Governor at Harrisburg, Attended by Gramley, Marks Opening of Big Fight for Republican Nomination.**

With local option as the chief issue, Centre County is to be the battle-ground for a vigorous fight for the Republican nomination for State Representative. Representative Harry B. Scott, of Philipsburg, has entered the field for renomination. As was the case two years ago, he is not committed for or against local option. Following a conference at Harrisburg last week with Governor Brumbaugh, the local optionists have decided to stand behind the candidacy of Professor C. L. Gramley, of Rebersburg. As a candidate the Professor is openly for local option. Professor Gramley participated in the conference with the Governor and was assured the latter's hearty and earnest support. The Governor not only volunteered to come to Centre County and make speeches but also to use all the influence of the State administration in Professor Gramley's behalf. Every State appointee in Centre County, we have been reliably informed, will have to be in sympathy with and support the local option candidate or resign his position.

The conference between Centre County local optionists and Governor Brumbaugh marked the formal launching of the Gramley movement. In addition to Professor Gramley there were present with the Governor Professor James R. Hughes and James H. Potter, of Bellefonte, and Professor Irving Foster, of State College. The Governor manifested the greatest interest in the matter, so we have been informed, declaring unalterable opposition to the re-election of Representative Scott and volunteering to exert himself and the influence of his administration to the utmost in behalf of Professor Gramley. The Governor left it to the Centre Countians to designate the date or dates when his presence here to make speeches for Gramley might be desired.

The Republican county organization is lining up behind the candidacy of Representative Scott. Scott petitions were in circulation here this week.

**Mrs. Barbara Gross Dead**

Mrs. Barbara, widow of Philip Gross who died thirty-one years ago, passed away at her late home in Bellefonte last Thursday evening, February 17th, from a decline in health incident to advanced age. The news of her death was received with genuine sorrow by a host of admiring friends. The maiden name of the deceased was Barbara Beezer. She was born near Strausburg, Germany, a daughter of Joseph and Annie Beezer. When fourteen years of age she came to this country with her parents, who located at St. Marys, Elk County. Three years later the family removed to Bellefonte. Had she lived until Monday, the day on which she was buried, Mrs. Gross would have become eighty-four years old. Surviving to mourn her passing away are these children: Mrs. James Crotty, of Lewistown; Mrs. Irvin Taylor, of Bellefonte; Mrs. William Brooks, of Centre Hall; Joseph Gross, of Bellefonte; Mrs. Elizabeth Jennings, of Clarksburg, W. Va.; J. H. Gross and Mrs J. M. Cunningham, of Bellefonte; Mrs. James Reilley, of Huntingdon, W. Va., and Emma Gross, at home. There survive also two sisters: Mrs. Yetzberger, of St. Marys, and Mrs. Andrew Dusling, of Bellefonte. The funeral services on Monday morning at 10 o'clock were conducted by Rev. Father McArdle. Interment was made in the Catholic cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Downing and their six children, together with Mrs. Downing's sister, Miss Sallie E. Hoover, who has made her home with the Downings near Port Matilda for some years past, will in the next week or so go to Detroit, Michigan, where they will be located for six months or longer. Mr. Downing has rented his farm and will have public sale on March 2d. While in Detroit he will familiarize himself with the practical side of the automobile business. He has a host of friends in Centre County who will wish him an enjoyable stay in Detroit.

Centre Lodge of Odd Fellows, No. 153, of Bellefonte, will run a special train to State College on March 1st, leaving Bellefonte at 6.30 P. M., and stoping at various stations enroute.

## TO RESTORE MONUMENT

### Native of Centre County Asks Rebuilding Memorial to Washington.

Pending in Congress at the present time is a bill providing for rebuilding and restoring to the original lines so far as possible the first monument to George Washington, erected on the summit of a fold of rock near Boonsboro, Maryland. It was built in 1327. Exposure to the weather during a period of eighty-nine years has caused untold damage to the famous historical relic. Unless Congress provides the necessary funds for restoring the memorial it soon will fall into decay.

It is of no little gratification to the people of Centre County to learn that the author of the bill now before Congress to rebuild the monument was introduced by a man who was born in this county. He was born in the humble cabin of a coal miner. When 10 years old he was a mule driver in the coal mines. By his own efforts he worked through all the stages of poverty, finally became a lawyer and today is a member of Congress from the Sixth District of Maryland. More than this, he is now a candidate for United States Senator from Maryland and with good prospects of being elected.

David John Lewis is the man who has interested himself to have preserved the monument to Washington in Maryland. On May 1st, 1869, Congressman Lewis was born at Nuttals Bank, near Osceola Mills, in Centre County. He was a son of Richard L. Lewis and Catharine Watkins Lewis, who had come to this country from Wales and finally located in Centre County. The father was a coal miner and young David, when only 9 years old, also went to work in the mines. In the Sunday school he learned to read, and with this as a nucleus of an education he started in to develop himself. He continued as a coal miner but never relaxed his attention to his studies and in 1892 he had the reward of being admitted to the bar in Allegheny County. His church pastor had aided him in his studies and once on the road to success nothing daunted him. He located in Maryland and in 1901 he was elected to the Maryland Senate. He later was elected to the Sixty-second Congress and re-elected to the Sixty third Congress, where he now serves. When the next primary election is held in Maryland, Davy Lewis, the coal miner, will go before the people as a candidate for United States Senator.

Mr. Lewis reveres the name of Washington and some time ago he undertook the project to have the old monument at Boonsboro restored to its original lines. To bring the matter before Congress he prepared and introduced the following bill, which is self-explanatory:

**"A bill to appropriate a sum of money for the restoration of the first American monument to George Washington.**

"Whereas in eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, on the fourth day of July, the citizens of the town of Boonsboro, Maryland, moved by patriotic zeal, assembled on the summit of South Mountain, near said town, and there, by their unpaid labors, did erect the first monument to the memory of George Washington, the first president of these United States, setting an example of loyalty and public spirit that then and now is of great and substantial value for the unity of our common country; and

"Whereas, the lapse of years has worked much damage to this historic structure and it is in imminent danger of falling entirely into decay from frost and neglect, and it is not befitting that such first evidences of the early national spirit of the nation should be neglected and permitted to become a crumbling ruin; but since such a burden of restoration ought not to be imposed on the few inhabitants of the valleys surrounding the vicinity of this structure: Therefore

"Be it enacted, etc., that the secretary of war be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to acquire, either by purchase or otherwise, the site now occupied by the monument to George Washington on South Mountain, near the town of Boonsboro, Maryland, and thereafter proceed to restore, as nearly as possible, upon the original design and plans and using as far as possible the original materials, the structure of the said monument upon its former site; and for the cost of such purchase and restoration the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of the treasury of the United States."

### False Pretense Charged.

The Lock Haven "Dispatch" last Saturday published the following: Constable W. W. Pettingill last Friday arrested an individual named R. B. Mann, of Marsh Creek, eight miles from Howard, on the charge of false pretense and lodged him in the jail here for a hearing before Alderman John P. Anthony next Tuesday.

Mann secured $75 from the Mill Hall bank on a note which was endorsed by John DeHaas. Mann, it is alleged, represented to Mr. DeHaas and the bank that he possessed more than sufficient real estate to cover the amonnt secured on the note, which went to protest and the endorser was compelled to pay the amount called for to the bank.

### Coal for WagonTrade.

The nearest and best Coal mined for wagon trade is at Fountain Station. S. H. Lohr is in charge at the mine. F. W. Crider.

## URGES CARE OF CATTLE

### Lieut. Gov. McClain Advises Farmers to Guard Against Disease.

Better barn ventilation as a preventive of tuberculosis among the cattle of the state is urged by Lieut. Gov. Frank B. McClain, who is an extensive cattle dealer in Lancaster. An article on better stable conditions, written by the lieutenant governor, and made public this week at Harrisburg, says:

Veterinarians and doctors skilled in tuberculosis are practically unanimous in declaring that the Eastern Pennsylvania practice of locking domestic animals, cows and cattle, in barns at night, with no provision for ventilation, or, at most, poor provision for ventilation cannot fail to promote tuberculosis in the bovine family. Our home people must begin to give some attention to this, otherwise they will find it very difficult to dispose of their cows after the "milking" life of these animals is ended.

A year ago, and again last May, I called attention to the number of Eastern Pennsylvania stall-fed cattle that were being condemned in the carcass, because of the tuberculosis infection of the same, at points where rigid state and federal inspection is maintained, notably the large slaughter houses of Philadelphia and New York.

The writer is no alarmist, but knows whereof he speaks, and once more calls attention of Eastern Pennsylvania to the necessity of different housing conditions for their cows and steer cattle, and if better housing conditions in the matter of ventilation are not provided, the "freight" will have to be paid by the person who refuses to recognize this necessity. Dealers and butchers will be compelled to agree only to purchase cows and indoor-feed steers with a guarantee from the farmer or feeder that the animal will pass the inspection which the federal and state government imposes on meat foods.

Packing houses that have federal inspection have reached the point where they won't touch Eastern Pennsylvania cows, and their killing sheets seem to indicate that of these "home" cows fully 25 per cent (of the "bologna" variety) are condemned in the carcass as unfit for human food, and that even among Eastern Pennsylvania fat cows, that show no outward sign of internal disease, fully 15 per cent go "to the tank."

The reason why Virginia cows and Western cows and even Northern Pennsylvania cows have the preference is because in the carcass but very few of them show evidence of tuberculosis. The explanation of the healthier condition of this class of cows is that they have more outdoor life in daytime throughout the entire year, and at night time, in the winter, are not housed in air-tight barns.

In discussing the buying of fertilizers for spring use by orchardists and market gardeners, Sheldon W. Funk, farm adviser of the Department of Agriculture on fruits and market gardening, says:

The fertilizer proposition is more unsettled this season than I have ever known it to be, and it is quite a problem to know how much, and what kind we can use economically. If you have not already bought your supply, I would urge you to investigate the matter at once, because from all appearances prices will keep on raising.

The war has not only cut us off from our supply of potash and basic slag but at the same time it has advanced the price of nitrate of soda about 75 per cent, and acid rock about 50 per cent above last spring's prices.

If you have never home-mixed any of your fertilizers before, I believe you should, by all means, begin this spring. They can be mixed during February and March when the weather is bad and you will not only avoid running chances on getting some poor materials, but at the same time you can save considerable money. Write to the Department of Agriculture for the Bulletin on Fertilizers, then write to several reliable firms for their best prices on raw materials and we will tell you how to mix them.

The present price of nitrate of soda is so high that unless you wish to top-dress your clover sod for timothy hay or want to force some early vegetables, I would use 15 per cent dried blood or 11 per cent fish scrap instead. You can get your ammonia in these two carriers about as cheap as in any thing else and they are the best that can be bought. Even though acid rock has advanced in price, I believe it is still our most practical carrier of phosphoric acid.

### Nearhoof—Wilson.

At 2 o'clock last Thursday afternoon Rev. E. G. Sawyer, of the United Brethren church at Tyrone, united in the bonds of holy wedlock Elmer Blair Nearhoof, of Port Matilda, and Miss Willia Evelyn Wilson, of Tyrone. Following the ceremony the newly wedded pair departed on a wedding journey westward, Pittsburg, Chicago and Detroit being points of their itinerary. They will return to Port Matilda about March 1. The best wishes of many friends follow these young people into their new life.


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## BASEBALL FANS, ATTENTION!

### C. Webb Murphy Reveals Inside Secrets to Readers of The Pittsburg Dispatch.

Baseball has had no more interesting club owner than Charles W. Murphy, for 10 years the head of the National League club in Chicago. During his presidency of that club there occurred some of the most famous and most dramatic episodes in the history, not only of the club itself, but of organized baseball.

Mr. Murphy now considers himself free to tell of some of these events—to tell of them from the magnate's point of view, and what he believes to be the right and proper view point.

He will tell his side of the much discussed severance of relations between the Chicago club management and Frank L. Chance, the "Peerless Leader." Mr. Murphy will tell how he induced Charles P. Taft to lend him the money to buy the Cubs; of the unsuccessful attempt Ban B. Johnson made to buy into the Chicago club; how a member of the National Commission attempted to disrupt the great Cub machine by luring away "Johnny" Kling on the promise of setting him up in the billiard business; the detailed story of the resignation of "Johnny" Evers as Chance's successor as manager of the Cubs; why "Three-Finger" Brown was let go by the Cubs management; hitherto untold facts in reference to the election of John K. Tener as president of the National League while Mr. Murphy was absent in Europe, etc. etc. And the author "takes the lid off" in every article.

These articles are now appearing in The Pittsburgh Dispatch. No baseball fan should pass up this opportunity to "get hep" to the inner workings of baseballdom. Order The Sunday Dispatch from your newsdealer.

## WITNESS AFTER WITNESS

### Such Evidence Our Readers Cannot Dispute.

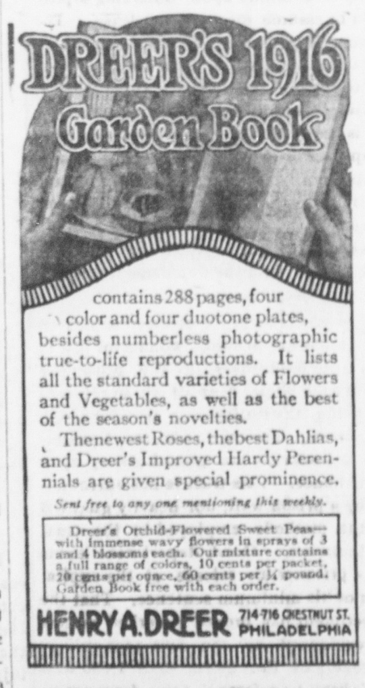
As we take up the Republican week by week, we are struck by the hearty, unmistakable way in which witness after witness speaks out as Mrs. Young does here. If these people were strangers living miles away, we might take little notice of them. But they are not. They are our neighbors, living among us. Their word is too easily proven to admit of any doubt. They speak out in the hope that their experience may be a guide to others.

Mrs. C. Young, Potter St., Bellefonte, says: "For more than a year, I suffered from a dull ache in the small of my back. If I bent over, I could hardly get up again. I never felt able to do any house work and felt languid all the time. I was troubled a lot by dizzy spells and the kidney secretions were unnatural. Doan's Kidney Pills had helped so many people that I got a box at Green's Pharmacy Co. The first box cured me. It has been three years now since I have had any trouble from my back or kidneys."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Young had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo N. Y.

### Infallible Method.

As good a way as any to catch seven million gnats and other small insects, including a few mosquitoes, is to paint your house. Any color will do, but better results seem to be obtained with some light color.—Toledo Blade.


contains 288 pages, four color and four duotone plates, besides numberless photographic true-to-life reproductions. It lists all the standard varieties of Flowers and Vegetables, as well as the best of the season's novelties.

The newest Roses, the best Dahlias, and Dreer's Improved Hardy Perennials are given special prominence.

*Sent free to any one mentioning this weekly.*

Dreer's Orchid-Flowered Sweet Peas—with immense wavy flowers in sprays of 3 and 4 blossoms each. Our mixture contains a full range of colors, 10 cents per packet, 20 cents per ounce, 60 cents per ¼ pound. Garden Book free with each order.

HENRY A. DREER 714-716 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA



## Kills Pesky Bed Bugs P. D. Q.

A 25c. box of P. D. Q. makes a full quart of the strongest bug killer on earth.

The new chemical, P. D. Q. Pesky Devil's Quietus—puts the everlasting to bed-bugs, roaches, ants and fleas. Pesky bed-bugs can't exist where P. D. Q. is used as it leaves a coating on their eggs and prevents hatching.

A box of P. D. Q. goes farther than a barrel of old-fashion bug killer. P. D. Q. will not rot or stain clothing, is a fleas on dogs. Sold by Druggists, or mailed upon receipt of 25c. by the O. C. Company, Terre Haute, Ind.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.


## On St. Patrick's Night

By EUNICE BLAKE

"Nora O'Rourke," said the postman on the morning of St. Patrick's day, handing a maid who answered his whistle two letters. "Any such person here?"

"That's myself," said the girl, taking the mail. The postman went on, and she returned to the kitchen. One of the missives bore a black border and a foreign stamp. She tore off the envelope and read the contents, from her sister in Ireland:

Dear Nora—I have to tell you some bad news. Our uncle Patrick, who has been in the grocery business in Dublin, is dead. But there's some good news too. He made a lot of money, and, not having any wife or children, he has left it all to you and me. We will have about £2,000 apiece. Your loving sister, BRIDGET.

The bad part of the news had little effect on Nora, for she had never seen her uncle, and the legacy of $10,000 was a matter of great delight. She was so interested in the latter that she forgot for some time to open her other letter; then she turned her attention to the other letter. It was from Patrick Doolan, asking her to go with him to the ball to be given on the night of St. Patrick's day, and he hoped that she would give him an answer to a question that he would ask her.

She knew very well what that question would be, but was in doubt as to her answer. She held in her hand the letter advising her of her legacy and her lover's note, turning from one to the other back and forth. Pat Doolan was a money maker, owning a number of teams, with which he did hauling. Nora's poverty had constrained her to consider his proposition of marriage, remembering that he would be able to keep the wolf from his and her door. But inclinations rather led her to favor young Michael O'Connor, who was bright and active, but had not the faculty of holding on to what he made. She knew that both Pat and Mike would be at the ball on St. Patrick's evening, and she laid a plan to assist her in the matter between them. During the afternoon she went to see her friend, Kathleen Clancy, and said to her:

"Kath, I'm going to say something tonight to Pat Doolan that may make him get sweet on you."

"What are you going to tell him?"

"That your uncle in Ireland is dead and has left you $10,000."

"But I haven't any uncle in Ireland."

"Never mind that. Likely Pat won't mention the matter to you. If he does don't tell him the truth till tomorrow, and I'll give you something pretty."

Nora went to the ball with Pat and on the way told him that she knew a girl who that morning had received a legacy of £2,000 by the death of an uncle in Ireland. Pat asked who was the girl, and Nora gave him to understand that she was Kathleen Clancy.

During the evening Pat did not refer to the answer to his proposition. Kathleen, not being a very pretty girl, was something of a wall flower.

"I'm sorry for the poor girl," said Pat, "sittin' around with no one to ask her to dance. I'm minded to go and ask her myself."

"That's right," said Nora. "She'll appreciate the attention."

Pat asked Kathleen to dance and, having danced with her once, he concluded to ask her again. Meanwhile Mike O'Connor danced with Miss O'Rourke. He asked her to dance with him again, but she declined. To do so would not have accorded with her plan.

When Pat and Nora were going home from the ball, instead of pressing her for an answer to his proposal, he said to her:

"Nora, I don't like your dancing with that miserable fellow, O'Connor."

"I only danced with him once."

"That's enough. You shouldn't have danced with him at all."

"I'm sorry," said Nora, with apparent penitence.

When Pat left her at the door she said to him:

"I suppose you don't want the answer you said you were lookin' for?"

"Not tonight. I'm thinkin' about your dancing with that spalpeen O'Connor. Maybe I'll get over it in time."

"That won't do you any good, for I won't get over what you've done this night. It's not Kathleen, whose uncle in Ireland has died and left her $10,000, but my own uncle has left that money to me. I told you it was Kathleen to see if you could be switched off by a bait of a legacy, and I've found that you don't value me so much as the fortune. Good night and goodby."

"Nora"—he began in a supplicating tone, but he got no further, for she shut the door in his face.

When Nora and Kathleen met again Nora learned that Pat had not mentioned the legacy, but he had asked Kathleen to go to a ball with him to come off a week later. Then Nora told her friend that inasmuch as she had helped her to find out that the man she had thought of marrying could be so easily turned away from her she would keep her promise to give her something pretty. When she received her fortune she presented her friend with a set of furs.

Nora married Mike O'Connor, and under her tutelage in careful expenditure of moneys he became prosperous. Kathleen was dropped by Doolan, who was beside himself with chagrin when he learned how he had been tricked. He never forgave Nora O'Rourke for having fooled him, but what she had done made her really more desirable.


HEADQUARTERS FOR

## The Dollyless Electric Washing Machine

Wiard Reversible Salkey Riding Plows and Walking Plows, Discs, Harrows, Spring Tooth Harrows, Land Rollers, Spike Tooth Lever Harrows.

9 Hoe Spring Brake Fertilizer Grain Drills, and the price is $70.00.

Potato Diggers, Brookville Wagons, all sizes in stock. Buggies, Buggy Poles and Manure Spreaders, Galvanized Water Troughs, Cast Iron Hog & Poultry Troughs, Galvanized Stock Chain Pumps.

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Nitrate of Soda and Fertilizers for all crops carried at my warehouse, where you can get it when you are ready to use it. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

## John G. Dubbs

Bellefonte - - Pa.


## UNION COUNTY DRY

### Court Refused Applications for Two Lewisburg Hotel Licenses.

Union County has been placed in the "dry" column for the year to come. All told thirteen counties have been declared "dry" and prospects are that several more will be added to the list.

The only licensed hotels in Union County last year were the Baker and Cameron hotels in Lewisburg. The announcement that they had been refused renewals last Saturday was a big surprise. The action of the court was unanimous President Judge Albert W. Johnson being supported by Associate Judges Gottlieb Rowe and W. S. Piffenderfer. They ruled lack of necessity in refusing the applications, after hearing witnesses for two days.

In announcing the finding, Judge Johnson declared the Brooks high license law to be wrong in principle. He said it put the power of local option in the hands of the judges, when it should be in the hands of the people, and that by their votes the saloon should be put out of existence.

He further said the power placed in the judges' hands hurts them. He urged the people of Union County to keep up the good work they had begun. He added that speak, easies must be watched to prevent infractions of the law, and warned that it would be impossible to keep the county entirely free of rum, since it could be obtained from Northumberland county, directly across the Susquehanna river.

Surprise in refusing the licenses was due largely to the fact that in the previous week Judge Johnson, in Snyder county, granted all license applications there. However, it was learned that he was overruled by the associate judges when he declared for a dry Snyder county.

During the hearing it was brought out that many known intemperate persons who could not get liquor in union were in the habit of crossing to Northumberland county, where they obtained bottled goods and brought it back. Attorneys for the Northumberland anti-saloon forces immediately started an investigation to learn where these purchases were made so action may be taken to prevent repetitions.

While no charges of law violations were brought against the Cameron and Baker houses, remonstrances signed by 1100 out of the adult population of 1800 of Lewisburg were presented to the court. Among the witnesses was Dr. Mary Wolfe, of Lewisburg, a suffrage worker, who went to the state insane hospital at Norristown and studied conditions there. She testified she found that 25 per cent of the insanity there was directly due to alcoholism.

### Health and Taxes.

Individual illness p acesa tax upon the entire community. The prolonged sickness of wage earners is apt to result in poverty for themselves and their families. Indigency and crime itself are often lurking in the trail of disease, says State Health Commissioner Dixon.

Nation efficiency must rest upon the sound foundation of health. The reduction of sickness and death from preventable disease should be the first step in our preparation for self-defense. Lord Beaconfield said, "The public health is the foundation on which reposes the happiness of the people and the power of a country. The care of the public health is the first duty of a statesman."

In some states in the Union there has been an increasing percentage of dependents as they have become more thickly populated. In addition to the enormous losses from death due to preventable diseases when health laws are not enforced, there is a tremendous annual expenditure necessitated by this growing number of those who are unable to bear their part in the world's work.

The insane, the feeble-minded, the consumptive and the pauper are a heavy burden upon the tax payer.

Provisions and expenditures which will aid in the reduction of these things which sap the vitality of the Nation, will aid in preventing the increased taxation for the support of the growing army of the unfit.


## "URIC ACID NEVER CAUSED RHEUMATISM"

I WANT to prove it to your satisfaction, if you have Rheumatism or Neuritis, acute or chronic—no matter what your condition—write to-day for my FREE BOOK on "RHEUMATISM—Its Cause and Cure." Thousands call it "The most wonderful book ever written." Don't send a stamp—it's ABSOLUTELY FREE.

JESSE A. CASE

Dept. 941 Brockton, Mass.

## A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

## Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

# Ben Potter's Proxy

## It Proved to Be a False Friend

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Ben Potter was a cowboy down in that part of the western part of North America where the Mexicans have always been in evidence. Ben was as brave as a lion where a man adversary was concerned, but had a constitutional fear of the fair sex. A little gun play wouldn't faze him a bit, but to tell a woman he loved her was beyond the scope of his audacity. One day he came across a greaser who kept parrots for sale.

Ben Potter stood in front of the parrot's cage and poked a tentative forefinger at the beautiful green and yellow bird whose yellow markings edged with black added to its gorgeousness.

"You're dead certain she can talk?" he demanded of the storekeeper.

"Kin a duck swim?" retorted the storekeeper testily.

"What kind of talk can she hand out? I don't want no swear words, mind, Dawson—it's for a lady—it's for my sister," said Ben laboriously striving to cover up the fact that the parrot was for Linda Day, who was not his sister and who he fervently hoped would never offer to be a sister to him.

"No swear words!" chuckled Dawson. "Will you hear that?" he went on addressing the bird. "Tell the gentleman pretty things, Polly!"

"I love you," croaked Polly, with a wicked glance at Ben.

Ben flushed hotly. If that was the sort of talk Polly indulged in she was just the bird Ben needed to convey the story of his tender but diffident passion to Linda Day.

The deal was concluded, and Polly and her cage were transferred to Ben Potter's hands. He arranged to leave them there until dark.

"I shan't be going back again till 9 o'clock," he said casually.

"There won't anybody know you've bought a hansum parrot if you sneak it home in the dark," said Dawson innocently.

"That's just what I'm calculating on, you idiot," snapped Ben coolly, as he turned and went down the street, his boot heels clicking on the board walk and the brim of his hat flapping in the breeze.

"I love you," chuckled Dawson as he shook a finger at Polly. "Oh, you Polly! And oh, you Ben Potter!"

It was after 9 o'clock when Ben Potter called for his parrot. He had bought a new blanket, which he wrapped around the big cage, leaving an opening at the top.

"Good night, Polly," he called down the opening.

"Get out!" growled Polly crossly.

Dawson gave vent to an exaggerated yawn.

"I'm about closing up now," he muttered to hide a smile. "Hope you like the bird. If you get tired of her handing out that line of soft talk, why, you can teach her something else, you know."

"Sure thing," said Ben as he left the place.

As he went galloping home to the Twin Star ranch, the trail unwinding before him like a broad white ribbon, he held the cage on the pommel of his saddle and wondered what Linda Day would say to his strange gift.

"Gee whiz, I'm glad it's night!" he muttered as he neared the ranch. Suddenly he paused and looked around at the moonlit spaces of the cattle range.

"Why not give it to her now?" he asked himself. "They'll sure hand me a line of jolly if they see this thing at the bunk house. Why, it might up and say it loved 'em."

He wheeled his horse and dashed down the trail, turning to the right when he reached the three cottonwoods that marked the cross trail leading to the Widow Day's ranch.

He was glad that the bunk house was dark and that the big dance in Red Spider had evidently drawn all the men away for the evening.

He guessed that Linda Day might be sitting calmly reading in her living room with a gun beside her on the table. She was perfectly able to take care of herself, and yet she was far from being masculine. It was her mixture of fearlessness and soft womanliness that made her fascinating to the rough cowboys of the Red Spider district.

Ben Potter knocked briskly at the door. He knew that Linda hated a soft, sneaky knock. It "gave her the creeps," she admitted.

In a moment she stood there, framed in the lighted doorway.

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Potter," she said pleasantly. "Won't you come in?" she added hospitably.

"No, thank you," murmured Ben—"at least only to put this on the table for you. I heard you say you wanted a pet, so I found this one."

He followed her into the living room and placed the cage on the table. He took off the blanket and revealed the parrot stirring sleepily on the perch.

"For me? How very kind of you!" cried Linda Day, as she gazed at the brilliant bird. "I think they are too cruel, Mr. Potter, and it is a bit lonely here sometimes. Polly and I will become great friends," she confided confidently as she tapped the cage with her slender finger.

Polly writhed uncomfortably, cocked a glassy eye at her new owner and murmured throatily:

"Bye-bye! I'm going to bed now!"

"How cunning!" cried Linda. "Poor polly shall go in this nice dark corner, and tomorrow I will have a hook placed for her in the window. It was very thoughtful of you, Mr. Potter." She glanced up at Ben's embarrassed face. His blue eyes looked at her wistfully, and his lips trembled as if words were eager to betray his love; but he was so very diffident, she thought regretfully, when he finally turned away and with a hurried good night made for the front door.

In the safe shadow of the yard where he had mounted his horse Ben called back the important message he had to deliver. His tone was elaborately careless.

"By the way, Mrs. Day," he flung over his shoulder, "that parrot can speak a few words, and what she says is—is—just what I think, only I can't find words to say it—you understand."

He could not see Linda's tender smile as she closed the door and went back to the living room.

"As if a goose couldn't understand," she murmured gleefully. "You great big, brave, bashful little boy!" This last remark was addressed to the small snapshot picture of Potter which she kept hidden in her needlework. If Ben Potter had known about that picture he would have expired from very joy. He had left it there one evening, and when he inquired for it the widow had been unable to find it—even while she fumbled with trembling fingers in her work basket.

"Polly—Polly Potter!" laughed the widow joyously. "You've got to wake up and tell me that story tonight—understand? I can't wait another minute." And she gently withdrew the covering from Polly's cage and brought it into the bright light of the evening lamp.

It was five minutes before Polly awakened sufficiently to exercise her vocal powers.

"Polly," whispered Linda, her soft eyes shining and her sweet face aglow, "Polly, dear, what have you got to say to me?"

Polly, disgruntled because of this rude awakening from her slumbers, was in a diabolical temper.

"Want to say—eh? Want to say—eh? You're a busybody—there's only one girl in the world for me and her name is—her name is—gr—gr—grrrrr!" wheezed Polly.

"What is her name—tell it to me, Polly, dear," coaxed Linda, eager to hear the sweetest story ever told, even through the medium of the strange proxy Ben Potter had chosen. "Tell me the name of the girl he loves!"

"Her name is—ha, ha, ha! Her name is Maud—there! Lead me to my little bed!" choked Polly, wrathfully. "Maud, I love you dearly—Maud—Maud—Maud! Where are you, dearie? I'm waiting for you—it's a great joke—joke—ha!"

Linda's eyes were full of tears.

"You horrid thing!" she cried, "I'll not have you in the house. I thought he had taught you some—something else!"

"Oh, the deuce!" cried the parrot, impatiently. "Trouble all the time."

Linda threw the blanket over the cage, blew out the light and went up to bed. The next morning she got up and wrote a note to Ben Potter.

"Please come and get your parrot," she wrote, crisply, "it is impossible for me to keep it."

It was a very much abashed and disconcerted cowpuncher who rode up to Linda's door the next evening.

Linda Day stood in the sitting room staring resentfully at the form of Polly, who was swinging in her cage.

"I'm sorry you don't like the bird," said Ben awkwardly. "What seems to be the matter?"

"Every—everything!" cried Linda, very near to tears.

"I guess I made a mistake," said Ben slowly, his heart sinking down and down in bitter despair. "You didn't like the message I sent you?"

Linda flashed an indignant glance at him.

"Of course it is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether you love a girl named Maud," she said coldly.

"Maud! Maud who?" he demanded dazedly.

"Oh, Maudie," shrilled Polly airily. "I forgot to kiss you goodby! You're the girl for me! I love you!"

"There!" cried Linda Day haughtily, "I'll kill Dawson for this," said Ben Potter in a cold, deadly tone.

"What do you mean?" she breathed hurriedly. "You'll not kill any one, Ben Potter. Where did you get that parrot?"

"I bought her from Dawson a few hours before I brought her here," said Ben grimly. "She repeated some words—that I wanted to tell you—and I thought—I never thought that she might know some other words—and—and—see here, what are you doing?"

He leaped toward the cage and snatched from Polly's inquisitive beak the needle book, which had been lying close to the bars of the cage.

From the needle book there fell a small picture, and he picked it up and glanced at it.

There was his own gallant young form astride his new horse. He turned shining eyes upon Linda's blushing downcast face.

"Oh, Linda, Linda!" he said softly. "And you had it all the time!"

Linda's pretty head drooped lower as he came close to her. She did not resist when his arms enfolded her.

"Ah, I love you!" cooed Polly suddenly.

Ben laughed gently.

"That's what I wanted Polly to tell you for me," he whispered in Linda's pink ear.

"But I knew that long ago," cried Linda saucily. "But, Ben, you can tell me again—now!"

# STORY OF A RIFLE

## The Derringer Used In the Graves and Cilley Duel.

## AND ALSO BY DAVY CROCKETT

**It Was Made About a Century Ago and Is Still In Good Condition—The Meeting That Resulted In the Death of the Maine Congressman.**

Among the thousands of relics in the United States National museum at Washington there are few objects more replete with historical interest than a certain derringer rifle, catalogue No. 9509. This rifle was used by Colonel David Crockett of Alamo fame and was also the weapon fired by Hon. William J. Graves in the duel with Hon. Jonathan Cilley, resulting in the death of the latter. It was made about a hundred years ago and is still in excellent condition.

Colonel Wright Rives, U. S. A., who deposited the rifle in the museum, states that it was made for his father, John Cook Rives, by Henry Derringer. John C. Rives was one of the publishers of the Congressional Globe, now the Congressional Record, and knew many congressmen, several of whom he was accustomed to take out to a field for rifle practice. Among them was David Crockett, pioneer hunter, soldier and congressman from 1827-31 and 1833-5, who later lost his life at the Alamo in the Texas struggle for freedom. Crockett seemed to particularly like this rifle and often joined the shooting parties to use it.

The circumstances which led to the fatal duel between Messrs. Graves and Cilley of the house of representatives, in which this rifle figured so conspicuously, were quite unusual and more or less complicated. The report of the investigating committee appointed by the house covers the story of this duel well. An abstract of it taken from "Notes on Duels and Dueling," by Lorenzo Sabine, follows:

On Feb. 12, 1838, Henry A. Wise of Virginia presented to the house a copy of the New York Courier and Enquirer, charging a member of congress with corruption, and asked for an investigation of the charge. Mr. Wise stated that the author of the article was vouched for by the editor of the paper and that the house was called upon to defend its honor. Jonathan Cilley, member from Maine, opposed the resolution and in debate said that if it was the same editor who once made charges against a certain institution and later received facilities amounting to $52,000 from the same institution, which he then gave his hearty support, he did not think the recent charges were entitled to much credit in an American congress. Mr. Cilley was quoting a published house committee report on the subject, but a few days later the editor of the paper, Colonel James Watson Webb, addressed a note to him asking if he were the editor referred to and, if so, demanding an explanation.

This note was directly responsible for the duel between Cilley and William J. Graves of Kentucky, who undertook its delivery on the floor of the house for his friend Colonel Webb. Mr. Cilley refused to receive the note, because he chose to be drawn into no controversy with Colonel Webb, stating that by so doing he meant no disrespect to the bearer. But he refused to affirm or deny anything in regard to Colonel Webb's character. Mr. Graves was not satisfied, however, and several notes between them were exchanged with the result that Mr. Graves finally challenged Mr. Cilley because he would not say whether he refused the note on the grounds of any personal exception to Colonel Webb as a man of honor.

Naturally Mr. Cilley denied Mr. Graves the right to demand an absolute "yes" or "no" answer and accepted the challenge.

Their seconds, Hon. George W. Jones, delegate from Wisconsin territory, for Mr. Cilley, and Hon. Henry A. Wise of Virginia, for Mr. Graves, arranged the details of the duel, which was fought with rifles at a distance of about ninety yards near the road to Marlborough, in Maryland. Mr. Wise experienced some difficulty in securing a rifle for Mr. Graves' use, but finally succeeded in borrowing Mr. Rives' derringer rifle.

The duel was scheduled for 3 p. m. on Feb. 24, 1838, and the two parties met near the boundary line of the District, on the Marlborough road. Mr. Cilley was accompanied by his second, Mr. Jones; his friends, Mr. Bynum of North Carolina and Colonel James W. Schaumburg, and by Dr. Duncan of Ohio as his surgeon. Mr. Graves was attended by Mr. Wise, his second; by his friends, Senator Crittenden and Mr. Menefee of Kentucky, and Dr. Foltz of the city of Washington. The ground was marked off and the contestants took their places, with rifles cocked and triggers set. Mr. Jones gave the word. Mr. Cilley fired first and Mr. Graves a second or two after him, but both missed. Despite the efforts of their friends to adjust the matter after each had been exposed to the fire of the other, no satisfactory arrangement could be made, and they exchanged shots again, also without effect. Still being unable to agree after much further argument, their rifles being loaded, they went to their positions the third time. This time Cilley was shot through the body and killed.

The congressional committee found Mr. Graves guilty of a breach of privileges in the house, but held that Mr. Cilley had remained within his rights. They recommended the expulsion of Mr. Graves from the house and that the seconds and friends be censured.

# PRESERVING PENNSYLVANIA'S PRECIOUS RECORDS

American citizens have been required to serve in foreign armies for inability to furnish proof of their birth under the Stars and Stripes. Others have risked imprisonment and suffered arrest for similar reasons during the present war.

Until very recent years the majority of our Pennsylvania citizens had no way of proving their birth after death had removed those who could legally testify to it.

The General Assembly of 1906 passed a law providing that the birth, death and marriage record of every citizen in Pennsylvania should be permanently preserved in Harrisburg. There are over two hundred thousand children born each year, over one hundred thousand deaths and sixty-five thousand marriages per year in this State.

This means that each year provision must be made in the Bureau of Vital Statistics of the State Department of Health for the permanent preservation of approximately four hundred thousand certificates.

In steel cases and fire-proof vaults in the basement of the Capitol there are between three and four million of these precious records, which have been collected since the law requiring the registration of vital statistics became operative.

The system for the care of these certificates has been perfected to such a degree that if you were to walk into the office of Commissioner of Health Samuel G. Dixon and ask to see the birth and death certificate of any child born within the last ten years, or one that has died, the record could be obtained for you in less than two minutes actual time.

# HOW THE STATE SAVED ITS CITIZENS

The citizens of Pennsylvania are to have an opportunity to view an Exhibit which attracted more attention at the Panama-Pacific Exposition than any other Health Exhibit.

The International Jury awarded the State Department of Health the Grand Prize for thus showing the result of ten years' work by the Department in protecting the health of the people of Pennsylvania.

Educators, health officers, tuberculosis experts, physicians and the public—more than a million in all—studied this remarkable Exhibit. Commissioner of Health Samuel G. Dixon, with the help of his competent assistants, planned and directed the corps of artists who were busily engaged for several months in its construction. There were models, relief maps, transparencies, photographs and diagrams, all designed and executed with the utmost care to visualize the work of the various Divisions of the Department of Health.

Typhoid prevention, the tuberculosis campaign, medical inspection of schools, housing, general hygiene and sanitation are all illustrated.

This Exhibit will be on view for some time in the Academy of Natural Sciences on Logan Square, Philadelphia. After the people of eastern Pennsylvania have had an opportunity to view it, it will be moved to other large centers of population.

## HANGING PICTURES.

**This Is a Task That Should Produce Artistic Results.**

In going over one's pictures eliminate all but the choicest and best beloved and try to group together the pictures whose subjects are somewhat related or which have a similarity in frames. Indeed, even when subjects are closely related it is not possible always to hang pictures together owing to a too great difference in the kind of frames. As a rule, any room looks better, especially small rooms, where only one color frame is used on all pictures, but if this is not possible then the next best thing is to keep all of the pictures in gilt frames in one part of the room, all of the dark framed pictures on another wall, etc.

Also one can get the best results by separating water colors and prints, and etchings or engravings should, of course, always be hung apart from other pictures. Another point frequently overlooked is the wisdom of putting the darker pictures on the wall that receives the best light from windows and contrariwise the gilt framed pictures of lighter subjects where they may serve to brighten a dark part of the room.

Finally do not crowd the walls. Hang pictures well in line with the eyes of a person of average height and, of course choose plain walls, tinted or papered for backgrounds.—Albany Argus.

### Wanted to Be Joined Right.

They were going out to dinner, and he had gone into the house from his limousine to get her.

"All ready?" he asked, at the foot of the stairs.

"Almost," came the response from above.

"I've asked a friend to join us. Is it all right?"

"Yes, if it's the minister."—Yonkers Statesman.

### Charity.

She—I'm glad we went. It was an excellent performance—and for such a charitable purpose! Her Husband—Yes, indeed! We all feel a thrill of satisfaction when we do something for charity and get the worth of our money at the same time.

### Sight Unseen.

Head of Firm—How long do you want to be away on your wedding trip?

Hawkins (timidly)—Well, sir—er—what would you say?

"How do I know? I haven't seen the bride."—Life.

### Where Speed Doesn't Count.

"Mamma," complained a little one recently, "teacher won't let me sing any more, and I'm the fastest singer in school too."—Boston Transcript.

### England's Greatest Mine Fire.

The most serious colliery fire ever known in Britain was undoubtedly that which broke out in the Tawd valley mine, near Preston, in 1872. Thousands of pounds were spent in trying to get the flames under control, but they overcame everything and consumed some millions of tons of coal. A wall ten feet in thickness was built round the affected parts, but the heat cracked the masonry and brought it down as fast as it was rebuilt. However, in 1897 the river Tawd overflowed its banks and went pouring down into the mine. No fire could withstand such an immense volume of water buried upon it, and although the flames extended for 500 yards, they were quenched after having raged for a quarter of a century.—London Tit-Bits.

### Preservative Peat.

Peat possesses wonderful antiseptic and preservative qualities owing to the presence of tannin, iron and other substances in it. Here is an instance: At the time of the covenanters, in 1685, three men were shot at a place called Crossgelloch, on the moor above Old Cumnock, in Scotland. In 1825, when a monument was being erected to their memory, the workmen came upon the corpses rolled in their plaids. The bodies were in exactly the same state as when they were buried. The moss had preserved them as if they had been embalmed.

# THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 24, 1916

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub

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## FOR CONGRESS

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Charles H. Rowland, of Philipsburg, Centre County, as a candidate for re-election to a second term in Congress in accordance with the custom and usages of the Republican voters and Republican organizations of the Twenty-first Congressional District, composed of the counties of Clearfield, Centre, McKean and Cameron, at the Uniform Primary election, May 16th, 1916.

## FOR ASSEMBLY

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the candidacy of H. B. Scott, of Philipsburg Borough, for nomination on the Republican ticket for Member of the House in the Legislature from Centre County, subject to the decision of the primaries to be held on May 16th, 1916. Mr. Scott respectfully asks the kindly support of all Republicans at the primaries.

Politics some times makes strange bedfellows.

Some of Governor Brumbaugh's appointees in Centre County at last must sing or get out of his choir.

With local option a clear-cut issue in Centre County between Gramley and Scott as candidates for the Legislature, some Republicans are afforded a rare opportunity to prove the sincerity of their local option activities of two years ago.

The Governor's assurance to Centre County local optionists that every influence of the State administration would be exerted in behalf of Gramley for the Legislature will cause quite a few State appointees to do some tall figuring in the next ten weeks.

Petitions for State Senator Charles A. Snyder for Republican nomination for Auditor General are in circulation in Centre County. Snyder has the support of the Republican State organization. Governor Brumbaugh is backing Speaker Charles A. Ambler. The fur will soon begin to fly.

It is rumored that State Seceretary of Agriculture Charles E. Patton, of Clearfield County, will be a candidate for Republican national delegate in this district and that he will be supported by the administration of Governor Brumbaugh. A. H. Gaffney, of Kane, and W. I. Swope, of Clearfield, are in the field for national delegates from this district and are backed by Senator Penrose and the State organization.

### Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter..... 30
Eggs..... 22

## CHINESE PUNISHMENTS.

### Flogging Is Common, and Rank Does Not Protect an Offender.

Chinese lawgivers are not troubled with any sentimental scruples on the subject of flogging. Even a criminal condemned to death is given a preliminary thrashing instead of, as with us, being treated with sympathy and consideration until the hour of doom. Another feature of Chinese justice, so far as the lash is concerned, is its strict impartiality.

Highborn offenders are flogged as relentlessly as criminals of the lower orders. The back of many a silken robed dignitary has been scored with the leather thongs of the whips wielded by sturdy Chinese officials, whose duty it has been to lay on the lash heavily, regardless of the rank of the victim, on pain of being flogged themselves.

The Chinese legal code prescribes the lash for many offenses so trivial that in Europe they would be quite outside the scope of the law. Not all of the enactments are enforced nowadays, but we may quote two of them as quaint examples. Fifty lashes were ordered to be given to any merchant or tradesman offering for sale goods not of the quality they are represented to be, while self glorification is discouraged by a law that any military man who raises a monument to himself for deeds of heroism which he has never performed is to receive 100 lashes.—Pearson's Weekly.

### The Age of Quickness.

The modern wife placed two plates with knives, forks, spoons and tumblers on the dining room table and took two paper napkins from a drawer, laying one beside each plate.

Then she lighted the gas stove, opened a can of soup and placed it in a skillet to heat. Next she opened two cans of vegetables and a can of salmon and heated these. She cut six slices of baker's bread and quartered a baker's pie, placing everything on the table, together with butter, salt, pepper and a pitcher of cold water.

"John," she said briskly, "your dinner's ready."—Judge.

# A FAMOUS VICTORY

By F. A. MITCHEL

A young man within the German lines in Alsace knocked at the door of a cottage. A girl came to the door, and he asked her if he might be accommodated for the night which was coming on. She called to her mother in the German tongue. The young man knitted his brows. He had expected to find French inmates.

The mother came and spoke to the stranger, speaking French with a German accent. He told her that he was traveling and since there was no other house near either she must admit him or he must bivouac for the night. She consented to admit him.

The young man was about twenty-two years old and handsome as a picture. A winning smile began to play about his lips the moment he spoke to the girl, and his eyes indicated his admiration for her. He said nothing about the terrible war that was going on nor did his hostess or her daughter. Nevertheless he assumed that they sympathized with the German cause. For France's lost province has at least as large a population of Germans as French. As to the young man, he was plainly French.

Now, though these persons did not talk about the war, it was evident that the visitor, being a Frenchman within the German lines, was living with a sword suspended over him. True, the country near about was not occupied by troops except in small bands, but any German soldier meeting a Frenchman there would require him to give an account of himself. At bedtime the stranger took a candle and went to the room that had been assigned him, locked the door after him and went to bed, but not to sleep. There was that on his mind that precluded sleep. Life was on the one hand, death on the other. He was liable to be clutched by death.

The girl about midnight, armed with a pair of pliers, went to the guest's door and, feeling with her implement for the end of the key, finally succeeded in turning it. Opening the door, she stole into the guest's room and to a chair beside the bed on which he had put his clothes. She was about to withdraw them when she felt a hand on her wrist.

"Let me go," she said in a low voice.

"Certainly," said the visitor. "You have doubtless made a mistake in the room."

He released her, and she withdrew. He knew well what her object had been in trying to take his clothes. She suspected he was a spy and that in his pockets would be found papers containing information he was taking to the entente allies.

In the morning when he came down to breakfast and bade the girl good morning his face wore that same winning smile. She did not respond, evidently steeling herself against him. When he started on his journey she had on her hat and coat and gloves.

"I am going with you," she said.

"I am delighted."

"You are a spy, and I intend to turn you over to the first German officer we meet."

"Oh, no, you won't!"

"Why not?"

"Because they would stand me up and shoot me."

"I have considered all that."

"But when it comes to seeing me shot down you will regret what you have done."

All this the Frenchman said with that same irresistible smile on his lips.

"Give me the papers you are bearing and you may go free for all me."

"It is beyond your power to free me."

"Why so?"

"You have made a prisoner of my heart, and my heart will not be released."

It was evident that the shot had hit. The girl was winged. But she was not ready to surrender.

"My feelings may drive me one way, but my duty is driving me another. I am capable of sacrificing my feelings to my duty."

"Then do so."

The only weapon he carried was a revolver. Taking it from its holster at his hip he tossed it to her. It fell at her feet. He folded his arms and stood looking at her with that smile which was having the same effect upon her that the eye of a serpent would have on a bird.

"Do your duty to your father and The papers you wish are on my person, but you shall not have them without first killing me."

She was not yet conquered. Taking up the weapon she cocked it, advanced to within a few feet of him, put the muzzle against his breast and said:

"Give me the papers or I will sacrifice you to my duty."

"I love you," was his only response.

"Once more, give me the papers."

"Once more, I love you."

They stood, the eyes of each fixed on those of the other. The battle waxed hot, but not with weapons of death. It was a fight of love against duty. Without that smile duty might have won.

Presently he saw victory for himself, defeat for her. Disregarding the weapon pressed against his heart he extended his arms, her hand sank slowly, he encircled her, drew her to him and kissed her.

When he went his way with his papers she returned to the house. Her sense of duty had given place to an all absorbing love.

## A POET IN A PANTRY.

### The Surprise That Awaited Tom Taylor, the Playwright.

Writing of Tom Taylor, the famous playwright and former editor of Punch, Leslie Ward in "Forty Years of 'Spy'" says:

"At dinner his appearance was remarkable, for he usually wore a black velvet evening suit. A curious trait of the dramatist's was his absentminded manner and forgetfulness of convention. Sometimes when walking in the street with a friend he would grow interested and to emphasize his remarks turn to look more directly into the face of his companion, at the same time placing his arm around his waist. In the case of a lady this habit sometimes proved rather embarrassing.

"Mr. Tom Taylor was a man of unbounded kindness in helping everybody who was in need of money or in trouble. * * * One day Mr. and Mrs. Taylor returned from a walk to be met by a startled parlor maid, who announced the presence of a strange looking man who was waiting to see them. Her suspicions being aroused by his wild appearance, she had shown him into the pantry, fearing to leave him in the drawing room. On repairing to the pantry with curiosity not unmixed with wonder they discovered—Tennyson!—quite at home and immensely tickled by his situation.

## NOT A LOST CHORD.

### Bach Had the Melody In Him and Just Had to Get It Out.

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar once invited John Sebastian Bach, the Nestor of German music, to attend a dinner at the palace. Before the guests sat down to the feast Bach was asked to give an improvisation. The composer seated himself at the harpsichord and straightway forgot all about dinner and everything else. He played so long that at last the duke touched his shoulder and said, "We are very much obliged, master, but we must not let the soup get cold."

Bach sprang to his feet and followed the duke to the dining room without uttering a word. But he was scarcely seated when he sprang up, rushed back to the instrument like one demented, struck a few chords and returned to the dining room, evidently feeling much better. "I beg your pardon, your highness," he said, "but you interrupted me in a series of chords and arpeggios on the dominant seventh, and I could not feel at ease until they were resolved into the tonic. It is as if you had snatched a glass of water from the lips of a man dying of thirst. Now I have drunk the glass out and am content."

### Wesley and Tea.

In his younger days John Wesley found it difficult to stop drinking tea. He wrote in 1746: "We agreed it would prevent great expense, as well of health as of time and of money, if the poorer people of our society could be persuaded to leave off drinking of tea. We resolved ourselves to begin and set the example. I expect some difficulty in breaking off a custom of six and twenty years' standing, and accordingly the first three days my head ached and I was half asleep from morning to night. The third day my memory failed almost entirely. On Thursday my headache was gone, my memory as strong as ever, and I have found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in several respects from that day to this."

Later in life Wesley returned to the use of tea, as his big teapot preserved in his house in London shows.

### Surmounting a Crisis.

Edward Everett Hale used to tell with a rueful smile a story of his boyhood, when, like other boys, he occasionally mislaid some of his belongings. His gloves in particular had a strange way of disappearing one at a time. At last his mother, by way of assisting his memory, sent him out one day with a red cotton glove on one hand and a white glove on the other. Even at this painful crisis, however, his wits helped him.

"I held one hand in front of me and one behind my back," said Dr. Hale, "and it seemed to me that people coming toward me would think I had on a pair of white gloves, while those behind would think I wore a pair of bright red ones."

### How the Butterfly Is Protected.

The brilliant coloring on the wings of some kinds of butterflies is a bitter tasting pigment, which to a certain extent protects those species from being eaten by their foes. Frogs will try to eat sulphur butterflies and after tasting them will promptly reject them. The brilliant colors may be produced in order to advertise the nauseous taste as well as to aid the butterfly in attracting a mate of its own kind.—Westminster Gazette.

### The Quarrel.

Greene—My wife and I quarreled last night for the first time in years. Browne—What about? Greene—She thought the reason we had never done so before was due to her generous nature, and I thought it was mine.—Exchange.

### The Way of It.

She—Why is it that wives were never allowed to make their wills? He—Didn't have to. All I ever knew had 'em ready made.—Baltimore American.

### Quite Different.

Flatbush—Did you say he was working for the government now? Bensonhurst—Why, no! I said he had a government job.—Yonkers Statesman.

The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world.—Pope.

# A Misapprehension

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

Being delayed in the town of Acland, where I had gone on business, on account of the absence of the man I had gone there to see, I asked the clerk of the hotel where I stopped if there was a free library in the place. He directed me to one of the most attractive little buildings I ever saw, in the center of a grove. I went there and nosed over the fiction shelves for awhile and finally took down a novel.

On turning the leaves a bit of paper flitted to the floor. I picked it up and, seeing some words written on it in pencil, read them:

Ten years today since Frank left us, and I am no more reconciled to his absence than the day after his departure. Oh, the long, long, weary day!

ALICE.

Now, there was something in this that fitted me. My name is Frank Tisdale. Twelve years before I had accepted a position in a commission house in Hongkong and gone out there to make my fortune. I returned on a visit after eight years' sojourn in China and never went back. I was twenty years old when I left home, and among the girls to whom I said goodby was one Alice Ringold. But I was not aware that I was any more to her than any other young man.

I took the book and the paper to the librarian, telling her that I had found the one in the other. She said that returned books were apt to have a variety of articles in them, usually put there in lieu of a book mark. I asked her if such articles were returned, and her reply was, "Sometimes." I requested that if she returned the paper I had left with her to the person who had written it she would let me know. I left with her a postage stamp and my address.

Not very long after my return to my home I received a letter from the librarian announcing that she had found the Alice whose name was appended to the writing on the paper I had discovered. The lady had dropped it into the book which was lying open on a table, some one else had closed the book, and it had been returned to the library with the slip in it. The librarian gave the name, Alice Ringold.

Now, I had passed the age of thirty, supposing that no woman had shown any predisposition toward me. I was on the verge of middle age, with no one to care for me, and now accidentally I had discovered that a girl from whom I had parted a dozen years before had been mine for the asking during the whole of that period. I remembered Alice Ringold, a shy little thing, so young that I would not have believed she could love any man. She could not at the time have been more than fifteen.

Here was a chance to break away from the bachelorhood into which fate seemed to have thrown me. I would renew my acquaintance with Alice Ringold, and if she was of the same mind—and from the recent date of what she had written it was likely that she was—I might settle myself in a home under the same advantages as pertained to youth. But I must contrive to make the meeting appear accidental.

She had removed from the town where she had lived to Acland, and there I went. Having learned where her home was situated, I set out to find her, proposing to make up a story as to how I had come to know of her being in Acland. Just before reaching the house a young woman came out of the front door and in another moment met me face to face.

She was Alice Ringold. Between sixteen and twenty-six there is not so great a difference in one's appearance as between twenty-six and thirty-six. At any rate, there was enough left of the girl I had known for me to recognize her. I stopped, lifted my hat and spoke to her. She looked at me, and I saw at once that she knew me.

"Alice Ringold?" I asked.

"Yes; and you are Frank Tisdale."

"Singular that you should know me after so many years' absence."

"No more singular than that you should know me."

"I have been wondering what had become of you since my return to America. I have been hunting you for months."

She cast her eyes down just as she did when she was little more than a child. She was going to the village, and I walked beside her. I told her of the many times I had thought of her during my absence in the east and how I had longed that fate should have brought us together again.

With that slip of paper in my possession I had all the boldness of a grenadier. I made rapid progress, speaking more and more plainly in my lovemaking as I advanced. When I parted with her I told her I would see her in the evening, and when the evening came, having gone through the preliminaries, I proposed to her.

She said it was very sudden and a great surprise to her. I smiled inwardly at this, thinking of the paper I had found. However, after a little coyness she yielded and accepted me. Just before I left her she said:

"Do you remember my brother Frank?"

"Frank? I believe I do."

"He died soon after you left for China. I have never got over his loss."

Great heavens! It was her brother she had loved all these years.

Nevertheless we are very happy


## A Distinctive Reason

What is the chief reason for the superiority of Royal Baking Powder?

There are several good reasons, but there is one which distinguishes Royal from other baking powders.

This reason, which every woman should know, is that Royal Baking Powder is made from cream of tartar, which comes from grapes. This means a healthful fruit origin. It means natural food as distinguished from mineral substitutes used in other baking powders.

There is no alum nor phosphate in Royal Baking Powder.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
New York


## GILDED LIMES.

### A Feature of Native Festivals and Feasts In South India.

Instead of exchanging cards the well to do natives of southern India show their esteem on New Year's day by presenting to their friends limes covered with brass leaf, or in some cases with gold leaf. As the natives have several New Year's days of their own in addition to the special ones of the English, the Mohammedans and the Tamil and Telugu branches of the Hindus, the gilded limes are passed around rather frequently. The custom is a purely local one, and it had its origin so far back that no one remembers when or why it was started.

In addition to the New Year's festivals gilded limes are sometimes presented to the host at the ordinary "tamash" or social gathering. If a native is too poor to afford gilded limes, not to mention gold covered ones, he gives plain, undecorated ones.

It is said that a great quantity of brass leaf is used for decorating limes for these special occasions, and the bazaar trade in this kind of gilt is very large throughout the southern part of India. Brass leaf is sold also for the decoration of gilded caps, or "topi," worn by the Mohammedans in that part of India, as well as for ornamenting the dress of the Mohammedan women.—New York Herald.

### Iron Bridges.

Introduction of the semielliptical arch in bridge building in England met with complaint on behalf of the Tweedside people, because the roadway over it being almost level, as one old man said, "You did not know when you were on it and when you were off it." The first iron arch constructed was made in England at Coalbrookdale by one Darby. The bridge consists of one semicircular arch, 100 foot span, each of the ribs being cast in two pieces only. It was opened for traffic in 1779, and a new era in the art of bridge building was thus entered upon. Up to 1860 cast iron was predominant in bridge construction, and although it is believed that wrought iron was introduced before 1800 it does not appear to have been extensively used before 1860.

### Preaching Monkeys.

The author of "The History of Brazil" tells of a species of monkey called "preachers." Every morning and evening these monkeys assemble in the woods. One takes a higher position than the rest and makes a signal with his forepaw. At this signal the others sit around him and listen. When they are all seated he begins to utter a series of sounds. When he stops these cries he makes another signal with his paw, and the others cry out until he makes a third signal, upon which they become silent again. This author, Mr. Maregrove, asserts that he was a witness to these preachings.

### Rock Composed of Minute Fossils.

Near Reno, Nev., are peculiar beds of diatomaceous earth. This chalk white material consists largely of fossil microscopic animals called diatoms. These remains have collected here in numbers so immense as to form deposits hundreds of feet thick and in places make up almost the entire mass of the rock. It is so light that it will almost float on water.—Geological Survey Bulletin.

### Trying to Prove It.

Angry Father—Great Scott! What are you doing, Johnny? Why, confound it, you've got my new watch all to pieces! Johnny—Yes, dad. Teacher told us today that a good watch ought to have at least 170 parts, so I thought I'd see if yours was a good one.

### Stood by Her.

"Congratulations! I hear your daughter is engaged."

"Yes. It came as a surprise."

"Well, now that it is really so, I want to tell you that there was never a moment when I gave up all hope for you."—Judge.


State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he a senior partner of the firm of F. J Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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# Correspondence

## Milesburg.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Fulton, of Osceola, returned home after attending the funeral of the late Almy Shroyer.

Miss Verna King, of Zion, spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Spear.

T. A. Hugg spent Sunday with his family on Water Street.

Mrs. Harry Brownwell, of Osceola, returned home Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Shope spent Saturday in Hublersburg.

Mrs. Joseph Shope and children are visiting in Snow Shoe.

Miss Laura What, of Pittsburgh, is visiting Mrs. Fannie Baldrige.

Miss Mildred Campbell, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with Miss Mary Campbell.

Miss May Lepley returned home after visiting the past week in Williamsport.

Hazel Johnson who has been in Falon, Nevada, for the past two years, returned to town on Friday.

Harry Janet spent Sunday in Lock Haven.

Mrs. Wesley Cartright entertained a number of her friends on Saturday evening.

Henry McKinley, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward McKinley.

Austin Robison, of State College, spent Sunday here with Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Robison.

Ralph Thomas, of Wilmington, Del., spent Sunday with his sister, Miss Netta Thomas.

Mrs. Ross Wallace, of Bellefonte, spent Thursday with friends in town.

George Smith, of Dix Run, spent Sunday with his family.

William Newman, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with his family.

Mrs. Lee Smith, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Peace, has returned to her home in Altoona.

Miss Rose Neff, of Curtin, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Neff.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sliker, of Altoona, visited Mr. and Mrs. Israel Friez during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thurston Deihl and children, of Julian, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Warren Woods.

Mrs. Frank Kanarr, of Pleasant Gap, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Kanarr.

Edward Campbell, of New York City, visited Mrs. Lee Green on Saturday.

Edward Funk, of Curtin, spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Spear.

Samuel Shroyer, of Ontario, Canada, returned home after attending the funeral of his brother, the late Almy Shroyer.

William Prince, of Curtin, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Emenhizer.

Mrs. Johnson, of Altoona, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Stere, over Sunday.

Leon Yorks is very ill at the present writing.

Miss Helen Budinger, of Snow Shoe, visited her sister, Mrs. H. T. Mann, during the past week.

Mrs. Edward Zimmerman is ill at this writing.

Milligan Lucas, of Conemaugh, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Lucas.

Miss Lucille Williams spent Sunday in Howard.

Miss Mida McCartney spent the week-end at her home in Fairview.

Miss Grace Schenck spent Sunday in Howard.

Mrs. Charles Martin and children, of Osceola, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Sheckler.

Miss Mina Woomer spent Sunday with her mother at Marsh Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. John Shultz spent Sunday in Bellefonte.

Thomas Quick, of Julian, spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Quick.

Miss Rose Haupt spent Monday and Tuesday in State College.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Spear entertained a sled load of friends from Howard Tuesday evening.

The ladies of the Baptist church held a food sale on Friday and Saturday evenings and cleared $30.

## Howard.

Miss Alice Pletcher departed last Thursday for Philadelphia, after spending several weeks with friends here.

Miss Anna Muffly is visiting with her sister, Miss Josephine, who is a teacher at Clearfield.

Miss Pearl Confer was an over Sunday guest with relatives at Tyrone.

Miss Julia Daughenbaugh spent Friday and Saturday with friends at Mt. Eagle.

Merrill Schenck, of Emporium, is spending several days with his parents. He has been on the sick list.

Miss Anna Holter returned home last Friday, after spending several months with relatives and freinds in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Carrie Kling and daughter, of Altoona, were over-Sunday guests with her sister, Mrs. Kessinger.

Roy Decker, of State College, spent several days here last week with relatives and also attended the Odd Fellows banquet.

Mrs Ward Schenck and son Tom were Lock Haven shoppers last Saturday.

Mrs. Close and daughter Pauline, of Altoona, were over Sunday guests with her sister, Mrs. Rodgers.

Miss Katie Reagle, of Lock Haven, spent Sunday here with relatives.

Jim McCloskey, who is employed at Renovo, spent Sunday here with his wife and family.

Jackson Kline departed last Sunday for Boston where he is attending the Christian Science church convention.

Mr. and Mrs Matthew Rodgers were Lock Haven visitors on Monday.

Rev. F. C. Bordens, of Washington Borough, spent Tuesday here with Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Williams.

The Howard Cornet Band will hold a chicken and noodle supper in the band hall Saturday evening, Feb. 26th. Everybody who enjoys listening to the band concerts should turn out and help the boys along with their liberal patronage. The same will be just as liberally appreciated.

Lick Run Lodge, No. 311, I. O. O. F., of Howard, held a most enjoyable banquet in the lodge hall last Friday evening. It proved to be one of the most notable gatherings assembled in Howard in many years. Members from Centre and Clinton counties were in attendance, and invitations had also been extended the Rebekah Lodge of this place, so that all told 126 persons were served with a delicious feast. The various members of committees appointed had the willing assistance of brothers and sisters, all uniting to make as pleasingly successful as possible the arrangements for the delightful occasion. After all had assembled at eight o'clock A. M. Butler, N. G., called for order and prayer was offered by the chaplain of the lodge, A. A. Pletcher. Following this the Holter Orchestra broke forth with the sweet strains of instrumental music, the audience showing their appreciation by heartily applauding such splendid selections by home talent. Hon. J. A. Woodward, one of the invited guests, delivered an address which was well received by the audience. The next speaker was Professor W. C. Thompson, who spoke upon the merits of the organization, and he was followed by Assistant County Superintendent of Schools F. M. Pletcher. The latter referred in his remarks to the good work done by the lodge and also the needs and wants that such an organization supplied to humanity. After all had been most bountifully served an hour or so was devoted to social intercourse and then the assemblage joined with the orchestra in the inspiring sentiment of "Blest be the Tie that Binds."

## Mt. Eagle.

A junk dealer last week shipped a car load of old iron from the Mt. Eagle station.

The revival is still in progress in the Kennedy M. E. church. Thus far about fifty persons have gone forward.

Mrs. Allison, of Kennedy, is spending a few weeks in town with her sister, Mrs. Etta Leathers.

William Gates on Monday went to Burnham, where he is employed.

Miss Anna Deitz is home from the Lock Haven hospital where she had been nursing a patient.

Miss Carrie Shank, who is employed in Lock Haven, came home last Thursday to see her parents. Her father has not been very well of late.

Mrs. William Sayres, of Marsh Creek, last Friday went to Bellefonte to see her husband who was operated on several days previously at the hospital.

Mrs. J. F. Deitz went to Bellwood on Sunday to visit for a few days with her daughter, Mrs. A. A. Aikey.

Rev. C. C. Shuey, of Bellefonte, preached last Friday night for the people in the Kennedy M. E. church.

Mr. Bouse, of Tyrone, superintendent of transportation for the Pennsy, took dinner last Friday with Mrs. J. R. Pheasant.

Rev. Mr. Rishel and G. D. Johnston, of Howard, attended services Saturday night at Kennedy.

A number from Kennedy attended the Odd Fellows banquet at Howard last Friday evening. They report a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. John Braumbaugh and son, Tom, of Altoona, spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pheasant.

John Leathers has sold his property in Mt. Eagle to Mrs. William Sayres and will move to Milesburg March 1st.

## Blanchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rothrock, of Tyrone, spent a few days last week with their uncle, Marshal Burlieu.

Mrs. Harvey Lingle and daughters, of Pittsburgh, were guests of Mrs. Lingle's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Bechdel, from Thursday until Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Corter was a Lock Haven shopper on Saturday.

Mrs. Maggie Stover has returned from Buffalo, after a visit of ten days with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Smith.

On Thursday Mrs. Margaret Bechdel had a delightful quilting party at her home which was attended by about thirty ladies. Dinner and supper were served to all, and by the time supper was ready the ladies had finished two quilts and four comforts all ready to use this cold weather. The chicken and waffles, ice cream and cake were delicious and with all the other good things formed a meal fit for a king and served in a manner that only Mrs. Bechdel and her helpers understand in order to make a company feel at perfect ease and heartily welcome.

John Bower, of Jersey Shore, was a visitor here on Thursday to see his father-in-law, David Kunes.

Mrs. Matilda Gardner and son Raymond went to Johnsonburg Monday to attend the funeral of their uncle, Kelly Delong.

Mr. David Kunes is seriously ill at his home with little hope of his recovery.

Mrs Laura Ecard, of Lock Haven, visited her sister, Mrs. Ellen Kunes, over Sunday.

Miss Margaret Hendricks, who has been ill with grip for the past week, is able to be around again.

## Woodward.

After spending three weeks in Lewistown and Yeagertown, Mrs. Emma Nein returned to her home on Friday.

Miss Minnie Grenoble, from Bellefonte came home one day last week to help care for her mother, who had been sick.

Wesley Snavely is very ill with pneumonia and pleurisy.

Samuel Orndorf and family, from Coburn, spent the Sabbath with the former's mother, Mrs. Phoebe Wise.

Thomas Miller, from Spring Mills, was a caller in town Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Harvey Charles, from Hartleton, is helping her daughter, Mrs. Cloyd Fiedler, get ready to move to Aaronsburg on Thursday.

Rev. Mr. Caris, pastor of the Evangelical Association church, preached his last sermon Sunday forenoon for the Conference year. He left for Pen Argyl Tuesday morning, at which place Conference is held.

Mrs. Walter Reffner entertained her sister, Mrs. Walls, and family from Glen Iron, on Monday.

Revival services are still continued in the United Evangelical church.

Howard Bowersox, while working on a sawmill, had the misfortune to smash several toes one day last week.


OSTEOPATHY

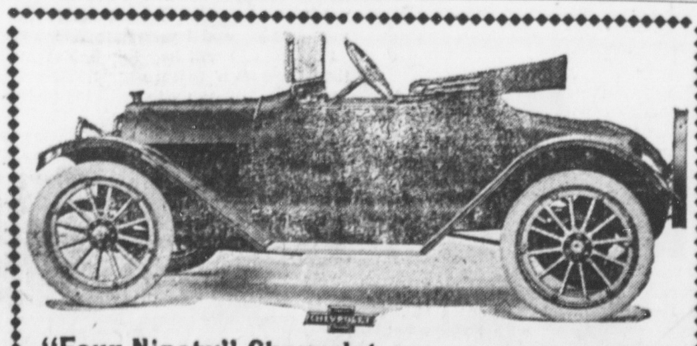
Dr. H. E. Thornley

(Formerly of Phila.)

Four year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.

Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri.
State College, Tues. Thurs. & Sat.





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"Baby Grand" Chevrolet $750 Completely Equipped

A Car of Demonstrated Superiority

The appearance, performance, construction and economy of these cars invite your most exacting investigation—The more rigorous and thorough the investigation, the more convinced you'll be of their superiority. Ask one who has driven a Chevrolet.

Display, Information, Demonstration

NITTANY GARAGE - State College, Pa.


## FIX HIS NAME AND FACE.

Recipe of a Politician For Remembering His Acquaintances.

In the American Magazine a writer says:

"My acquaintance was large, and I was not only embarrassed, but annoyed and hurt, by my failure to remember much more prominent men.

"One day in a hotel lobby a member of congress from my state, who had been in congress for ten years, spoke to me heartily, and as I shook hands with him I committed the unpardonable error of asking him who he was. He happened to be a man of good sound common sense, as well as a good politician, and here is what he said to me, after he led me away to a secluded corner:

"'Remembering new acquaintances is a habit quite easily formed. There are 14,000 voters in my district, and I can speak to four-fifths of them by their first names. Ordinarily, when you are introduced to a man or when you see him at a distance, you hear his name, but your mind is on something else. When his name is pronounced to me I have firm grip on his hand and am looking at the color of his eyes with my whole power of mind focused on that one combination of name and face. If the thing is done faithfully there is not one chance in a hundred that anything can blot out the memory in ten years.'"

### Differentiation.

"Have you a good cook?"

"Oh, the cook's good enough, but the cooking is atrocious."—Baltimore American.

Faith will move mountains today if backed up by hard work.

## Register's Notice.

The following accounts have been examined, passed and filed of record in the Register's Office, for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors, and all others in anywise interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for confirmation on Wednesday, the 1st day of March, 1916.

1 BIBLE—The first and final account of Geo. P. Bible, and Alfred J. Bible, Exrs., of Anna Bible, late of Centre Hall Boro., deceased.

2 CRONEMILLER—The first and final account of Harvey M. Grenoble, Admr of etc., of Emily Cronemiller, late of Ferguson Twp., deceased.

3 CRONEMILLER—The first and final account of W. Harrison Walker Trustee, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Centre Co. to invest a certain fund in the Geo. Cronemiller Est. for Emily Cronemiller, widow, now deceased, of Ferguson Twp.

4 CLEWELL—The first and final account of Jacob Woodring, Exr. of etc., of Dorcas M. Clewell, late of Taylor Twp., deceased.

5 DEITRICK—The first and final account of Emma L. Deitrick and E. M. Deitrick, Exrs. of etc., of D. A. Deitrick, late of Walker Twp., deceased.

6 DEININGER—The first and final account of L. E. Stover, Admr. of etc., of Julia W. Deininger, late of Millheim Boro., deceased.

7 DEHASS—The first and final account of Jacob C. Bechdel, Trustee to sell the real estate of Susan J. DeHass, late of Liberty Twp., deceased.

8 FINK—The first and final account of Edith E. Runkle, Admrx., of etc., of Andrew D. Fink, late of Bellefonte Boro., deceased.

9 GRANT—The second and partial account of Louis R. Gernon, Exr., of etc., of H. K. Grant, late of Philipsburg Boro., deceased.

10 HILDEBRAND—The first and final account of Rebecca Henrietta Hildebrand, Exrx., of etc., of Dorathea Rebecca Hildebrand, late of Osceola Mills, Pa., deceased.

11 HAMILTON—The first and final account of John Hamilton, Exr., of etc., of Elizabeth M. T. Hamilton, late of State College Boro., deceased.

12 KLINE—The first and final account of Andrew S. Mudder, Exr., of etc., of Sarah B. Kline, late of Haines Twp., deceased.

13 KLINE—The second and final account of Andrew S. Mudder, Exr., of etc., of Henrietta Kline, late of Haines Twp., deceased.

14 KESIGLE—The first and final account of William Weber, Trustee (in Partition) of Hannah A. Kesigle, late of Howard Boro., deceased.

15 KELLY—The third account of Robert B. Orwig, Guardian of Naomi Kelly et al., minor children of Robert J. Kelly, deceased.

16 LAPORTE—The first and final account of G. H. Lichenthaler, Guardian of Benjamin Jones LaPorte. (A weak minded person.)

17 MULL—The first and final account of Reuben H. Mull, Exr., of etc., of Susan Jane Mull, late of Philipsburg Boro., deceased.

18 SIMLER—The first and final account of George B. Simler, Jr., Admr., D. B. N. C. T. A., of George B. Simler, Sr. late of Philipsburg Boro., deceased.

19 STATSIC—The first and final account of Steve Statsic, Admr., of etc., of Mary Statsic, deceased.

20 TREASTER—The first and final account of J. F. Treaster, Admr., of etc., of R. B. Treaster, late of Potter Twp., deceased.

21 WALTER—The first and final account of Harry Keller, Trustee (in Partition) of David C. Walter, late of Boggs Twp., deceased.

22 WILLIAMS—The first and final account of A. C. Williams and Ida R. Williams, Exrs., of etc., of Wilson Williams, late of Worth Twp., deceased.

23 WILLIAMS—The first and final account of W. Harrison Walker, Admr., of etc., of Laura E. Williams, late of Bellefonte Boro., deceased.

24 BARTGES—The first and final account of A. E. Bartges, Admr., of etc., of Nancy Bartges, late of Penn Twp., deceased.

25 LONG—The first and final account of J. M. Keichline, Exr., of etc., of Annie B. Long late of Bellefonte Boro., deceased.

26 STROHM—The first and final account of Mary Ellen Lose, Exrx., of etc., of Eva H. Strohm, late of Potter Twp., deceased.

27 HESS—The second and final account of Luther Hess Waring, Exr., of etc., of Drucilla C. Hess, late of Harris Twp., deceased.

Register's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Jan., 27, 1916.

FRANK SASSERMAN,
Register.

## Legal Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the following inventories of the goods and chattels, set apart to widows under the provision of the Act of April 14, 1851, have been confirmed by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court of Centre County, and if no exceptions be filed on or about the 1st day of next term, the same will be confirmed absolutely.

1 The inventory and appraisement of personal property of Henry M. Lingle, late of Gregg Twp., deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Lydia Lingle.

2 The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of J. Henry Wetzel, late of Bellefonte Boro. deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Susan S. Wetzel.

3 The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of John W. Fry late of Ferguson Twp. deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Anna F. Fry.

FRANK SASSERMAN,
Register and C. O. C.

## Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration c. t. a. upon the estate of Alice E. Barton, late of Unionville borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

HARRY KELLER, Attorney, Bellefonte, Pa.
DANIEL BUCK, Administrator, Fleming, Pa.


WE TRY TO KEEP

abreast with the times. So we have just added to our stock

TANLAC $1.00 and VAP O RUB 25 & 50c.

Two prominently advertised preparations.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.


### SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on Monday, February 28th, 1916, at 1:30 P. M. the following described real estate, viz:

Description:—All those four certain messuages, tenements, or tracts of land, situate in the village of Rebersburg, in the township of Miles, County of Centre, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit:—

No. 1. Beginning at a point at corner of public road and alley which adjoins D. Brungart Estate; thence along said public road South 70¼ degrees West 121 feet; thence North 21¼ degrees West 180 feet; to a twenty foot alley; thence along said alley North 70¼ degrees East 121 feet to an alley; thence along said alley South 21¼ degrees East 180 feet to the place of beginning.

Containing 80 P. be the same more or less; and thereon erected a two-story Frame Dwelling House, Stable, and other outbuildings.

No. 2. Beginning at a point on a twenty foot alley at corner of land of William Walker; thence along said twenty foot alley South 70¼ degrees West 120 feet; thence North 21¼ degrees West 81 5-10 feet to land of Philip Hubler Estate; thence along said Hubler Estate lands North 70¼ degrees East 121 feet to the land of William Walker; thence by land of William Walker South 21¼ degrees, 81 5-10 feet to the place of beginning, containing 36 2-10 P. more or less.

No. 3. Beginning at a point at corner of public road and lot of Joseph Bierly; thence along said road South 70¼ degrees West 60 5-10 feet, thence North 21¼ degrees West 180 feet to a twenty foot alley; thence along said alley North 70¼ degrees East 60 5-10 feet South 21¼ degrees East 180 feet to the place of beginning, containing 40 P. more or less.

No. 4. Beginning at a point 20 feet at corner of lot of Joseph C. Bierly, thence along said twenty foot alley 70¼ degrees West 60 5-10 feet; thence North 21¼ degrees West 81 5-10 feet to land of Philip Hubler Estate; thence along said Hubler Estate lands North 70¼ degrees East 60 5-10 feet to lot of J. C. Bierly; thence by lot of said Joseph C. Bierly South 21¼ degrees East, 81 5-10 feet to the place of beginning, containing 18 1-10 P. more or less.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution, and to be sold as the property of H. E. Bierly an Executor of the Estate of J. C. Bierly, deceased, and H. E. Bierly, with notice to E. S. Bierly, terre tenant.

TERMS OF SALE:—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., February 5, 1916.

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Vend. Ex., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County Pennsylvania and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on Monday, February, 28th, 1916 at 1:30 P. M., all the right, title, and interest of L. H. McAuley of in and to, the following described real estate, viz:

Description:—All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in Walker Township, Centre County, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a post, corner of land of John Divens and John Miller and thence along lands of said John Miller South 35 degrees East 54 perches to post, thence South 30 degrees East 170 3-4 perches to a hickory; thence along lands of Joseph Markle South 85 1-4 degrees West 118.8 perches to stones; thence along lands of James Carner North 28 3-4 degrees West 225 perches to a post; thence along the village of Hublersburg North 50 3-4 degrees East 67.8 perches to post; thence along lot of John Divens South 39 3-4 degrees East 21.6 perches to a post; thence along same North 44 degrees East 39.6 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 163 acres and 36 perches neat measure, and thereon erected a two-story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, BANK BARN and other out-buildings.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution, and to be sold as the property of L. H. McAuley.

TERMS OF SALE:—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. February 7, 1916.

## Court Proclamation!

Whereas the Honorable Henry C. Quigley, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the county of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 6th day of January, 1916, to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

FOURTH MONDAY OF FEBRUARY,

being the 28th day of February, 1916, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 28th, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 31st day of January in the year of our Lord 1916, and the one hundred and fortieth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

GEO. H. YARNELL,
Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Sheriff.
January 31st, 1916.

## Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration in the estate of J. Robert Cole, late of Bellefonte borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

N. B. SPANGLER, Attorney, Bellefonte, Pa.
MARY NEWELL COLE, Administratrix, Bellefonte, Pa.

Advertise in "The Republican.

## Penny-A-Word Column

FOR RENT—Dwelling, inquire of Miss Ammerman, 21 West Bishop St.

WANTED—Good reliable cook; will pay $3 50 per week. Apply to Mrs. H. N. Crider, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25-tf.

WANTED—White Pine White Oak Beech, Birch and Maple wood. Inquire of P. B. Crider & Son Bellefonte Pa.

WANTED—A position as housekeeper, in home of widower small family. Address V. L. Blanchard, Pa.

FOR RENT—Large Brick Garage, location Main Street, Snow Shoe, Pa. Inquire of W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe, Pa.

FOR RENT—Mansion house on North Thomas Street, occupied by L. H. Gettig. Apply to or address Mrs. Isaac Thomas Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Commission salesmen to handle a special line of domestic Chinaware to the trade. The Carrollton Pottery Co., Carrollton, Ohio.

WANTED—Earn $15 to $20 weekly addressing mailing circulars spare time; circulars, instructions, 10 cents. Mailing service. 210 Holliday building, Indianapolis, Ind.

FEMALE HELP WANTED—Good money made at home coloring art pictures; easy and pleasant work; no experience required; sample free. Wheeler & Co., Room 404—337 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN WANTED—Full time, salary $15.00 selling Guaranteed Hosiery to wearer, 25c an hour spare time; permanent; experience unnecessary for particulars and samples address, Inter. Hosiery Mills, Norristown, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Tioga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are 7/8 pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa Bell phone, 11—5.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Guaranteed salary paid any woman to distribute hosiery to customers. Experience unnecessary, all or part time. For particulars and complete outfit address International Mills, Dept. 2 Norristown, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 5 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Manger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

HELP WANTED—Good pay—men, women, introducing hosiery direct mill to wearer, guaranteed four months. Part or all time, permanent, no experience Liberal terms. Complete outfit. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Penn St., Norristown, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—$50.00 weekly easy. 90% profit on every dollar. No deliveries. New, unique, fascinating business. Everything furnished free. No money required. Experience unnecessary. Write quick. Ira Seymour, Mgr., Springfield, O.

MALE HELP WANTED—"Astonishing money maker, new original fascinating plan introducing home supplies, factory to consumer. $25.00 weekly, easy. Write for terms and free goods, offer quickly." Rider Mfg. Co., Dept. 300, Coshocton, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.

# Terence Maloney

## A Story For St. Patrick's Day

By F. A. MITCHEL

You've all heard of Larry O'Toole
Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole.
He had but one eye
To ogle ye by—
Oh, murther, but that was a jew'l!
A fool
He made of the girls, this O'Toole.

Whoever was this Larry O'Toole of Mr. Thackeray's he was certainly the counterpart of one Terence Maloney, who was born in the eighteenth century and died in the nineteenth. Terence was about halfway through with his mortal career when the eighteenth century was coming to an end, and with it the differences between Ireland and England were entering upon one of their periodical explosions.

There was everything about Terence to cause him to be beloved. In the first place he had a fine crop of auburn hair on his head that kinked itself into dozens of little curls. Unlike Mr. Thackeray's friend, he had two eyes, brimming with good humor. His complexion was that mixture of white and red which is never found in such perfection as in Erin. His lips were cameo cut, and a succession of smiles was continually cascading over them. His figure was light and agile, his limbs being seemingly moved by hidden springs.

Such a combination of attractions might well be expected to make a fool of the girls. At any rate, not a girl ever came near him without giving him at least a part of her heart. But blame seemed to roll off Terence like water off a duck's back. No girl could complain of his endeavoring to win her, for he was in a constitutional state of girl winning. The good humor constantly bubbling in his eyes and the smiles hovering about his lips were considered a perennial supply which all might quaff. If any girl inveighed against Terence for deceiving her there were dozens to condemn her for desiring to appropriate what belonged to every girl in Ireland.

Naturally when the troubles of '98 came on Terence was imbued heart and soul with rebellion. It is just such persons as he who enter upon enterprises without counting the cost. He was not a leader in the true sense of the word; he was rather a fomenter. Not that he went about pleading with his fellow countrymen to rise, but that, having taken up the cause of Ireland, he was so popular that every Irish man or woman who was in doubt as to his or her political part, on hearing that Terence Maloney was a patriot resolved at once to be a patriot too. If the real leaders of the movement desired to win over a town where old and experienced heads were influencing the people to caution they would send Terence there. He would ride through the main street, scattering smiles to the right and to the left, and the only oratorical effort needed were the words, spoken in Terence's rich, sonorous voice, "Are ye wid us?" Whereupon a succession of affirmative shouts would roll down the street, keeping pace with the orator.

Hence it was that one Peter Shaw, an agent of the English government sent to Ireland to send back information as to the best measure of suppressing the rebellion, wrote to London that there was one man, Terence Maloney, unknown to the government, who was doing more harm to the British cause than the real leaders. Shaw advised the government to arrest Maloney and get him across the channel, but he cautioned them against any public arrest, since Maloney was so popular that such course would influence all his friends. Shaw received instructions to use his own judgment in the matter.

It seemed advisable to the government agent to wait and watch for a favorable opportunity to eliminate Mr. Maloney. Not till the rebellion was coming to an end did he consider it safe to make the arrest. And then instead of accusing Terence of treason he trumped up a charge against him of highway robbery. Realizing what a stir it would make to prefer the former charge, he hoped to allay the feeling by proving that his man was a common criminal.

Shaw learned that on the evening before St. Patrick's day Terence was to attend a ball in the town hall of his native village. The agent got together a number of persons in his pay who were to lay a trap for the young patriot. Terence was present, scattering his smiles as usual. When the dancing was at its height a messenger delivered a note to Terence stating that a friend had been wounded in a duel and desired to see him immediately.

Terence left the hall, mounted a horse and rode away. In passing a place darkened by overhanging trees he was met by half a dozen men who asked him some questions, then, with a cry of "Robbery!" put spurs to their horses and dashed away in every direction. Terence sat on his horse, wondering what it all meant. But a solution was not long in coming to him. He knew that Shaw was desirous of arresting him for treason, but dared not do it. It now occurred to him that he had been called from the hall on purpose to be waylaid by these men, who would doubtless the next day charge him with having robbed them on the highway.

The moment the explanation came to him Terence rode back to the ballroom, and it was not long before what had occurred was known to every one present. Groups of his friends discussed the matter, and various schemes were proposed whereby Mr. Shaw might be headed off. Some were in favor of Terence's taking flight. Others argued that this would be a confession of guilt and opposed it. No decision was reached by Terence's men friends, but the women, at the suggestion of one of their number, determined to oppose his arrest. No more dancing was done, and gradually the revelers dispersed. Terence went to his home at 3 o'clock in the morning and to bed, expecting an arrest during the day. How he should meet the charge that would be brought against him, except by denial he did not know. The rebellion had by this time proved abortive, and the English government held over him the power of life or death. Were he threatened with arrest for rebellion he would gallop away to parts unknown, but to run from a charge of robbery was more than his sensitive nature could bear.

However, trouble could not get a stronghold on the optimistic Terence, and he slept soundly till 10 o'clock in the morning. Then he awoke, looked at the clock, yawned and was about to turn over for another nap when a shadow passing his window arrested his attention. Sitting up in bed, he looked through the window and was astonished to see a girl with a fowling piece on her shoulder marching to and fro without.

Jumping out of bed, he donned a dressing gown and went about the house, looking out wherever there was an opening. In the yard were some twenty girls, all armed. A chain of feminine sentinels surrounded the house.

"Be the powers!" quoth Terence. "What does it mean?"

"Och, Terence," said his mother, who came up behind him, "the girls are determined that Shaw shan't take you away from 'em."

"What girls, mother?"

"Why, all the girls you love and who love you."

Terence was amazed.

"What in the name of St. Patrick are they goin' to do?"

"Resist an arrest."

"But, mother, I can't hide here protected by a company of girls."

Throwing open the front door, he appeared, looking very handsome in his informal apparel. He was met by a clapping of hands and shouts of approbation.

"Girls! Darlints!" he shouted. "I'm thinkin'"—

"Keep on thinkin', and go back in the house."

"This won't do. I'm a man"—

Several girls ran up on to the porch, hustled him through the door, shut and locked it. This was done because a posse was seen coming down the street. Each girl took up her implement of war—some guns, some sickles, some pokers—and formed in line before the house. Shaw was with the posse and was evidently directing their movements. He advanced, with the words:

"What's this?"

One of the girls, who was evidently their leader, replied: "You're intending to arrest Terence Maloney on a false charge. We're going to resist you."

Shaw seemed very much astonished. He forced a smile, looked at the array of amazons curiously, then retired and held a conference with his men. He was determined to force his way into the house in spite of the feminine guard. The six men composing the guard, armed with shillalahs, advanced. A cordon of girls stood in their way. Some poked the men with sticks, some brandished sickles in their faces, and suddenly an upper window of the house opened and Terence's mother emptied a bucket of boiling water on the men's heads. This caused a retreat.

The besiegers as soon as they had gone beyond the range of the women halted and began a consultation which lasted for some time, for the problem of men subduing more than double their number of girls without injuring some of them, which Shaw did not relish doing, was a problem. Terence had a view of the men from a window and chafed at not being able to take a hand in the fray. He had looked for a fowling piece he kept hanging on the wall, but his mother, not caring to have her son risk a charge of resistance to the legal authorities, perhaps murder, had hidden the gun. A charge of robbery, she said, was quite enough. So Terence was obliged to content himself with witnessing his defense by women without taking a hand in the scrimmage.

All St. Patrick's day the girls stood guard over their favorite, and every time an advance was made some new method was devised on the part of the defense to drive them back, though hot water was found to be the most effective. Toward evening Shaw drew off his force. Then Terence came out on to the porch and tried to thank his defenders, but there was such a babel of tongues, so many interruptions, that he was obliged to desist. So he invited them in for a snack and one and all accepted.

Long before this some of the men of the town had gathered about the house guying the posse and encouraging the girls. Indeed, whenever it looked as if the latter would be worsted these men showed signs of taking a hand in the defense. When the posse retired all went in to congratulate Terence on having been so ably defended, and the evening was spent in revelry.

The next morning Shaw went back to England, and Terence Maloney was thenceforth free from molestation.

## PLANETS AND GRAVITY.

### The Vast Difference In Conditions Upon Mars and Jupiter.

In an article entitled "Is Mars Alive?" in the Popular Science Monthly Waldemar Kaempffert describes the possible appearance of a Martian. In speaking of the different conditions prevailing on the planets Mr. Kaempffert says:

"The bigger the planet on which you live, the harder it is for you to move about. If you were suddenly transported to Jupiter, the largest of the planets, and if you were able to live on its semi-molten surface, you would find it hard to lift your arm. A steam crane would be welcome assistance in moving your body about. This is due entirely to the enormous gravitational attraction which Jupiter would exert upon you. The bigger the planet the harder are you pulled down to its surface; the harder it is to put your foot forward.

"Mars is only one-ninth as massive as the earth. Hence you would weigh much less on Mars than you do on the earth. A Martian porter could easily carry as much as a terrestrial elephant. A Martian baseball player could bat a ball a mile. A very ordinary Martian athlete could leap with ease over a moderately sized house. Because his planet is not able to pull him down with the attractive force that the earth exerts upon us, the typical Martian has conceivably attained a stature that we would regard as gigantic. Three times as large as a human being, this creature has muscles twenty-seven times as effective. His trunk must be fashioned to inclose lungs capable of breathing the excessively attenuated Martian air in sufficiently large quantities to sustain life. As a canal digger—assuming that he had no machinery—he would be a great success, because he would excavate a canal with the speed and efficiency of a small Panama canal steam shovel.

"Beyond that we cannot go. Intelligence is not necessarily a human attribute. It has so happened on this earth that man has become the dominant race not because of his physical powers, but because of his brains. It may well be that the biological conditions of Mars are such that a creature very unhuman in appearance may have gained the ascendency in the struggle for existence on a planet that is fast drying up."

## AN INGENIOUS SNARE.

### Uncanny Insect Trap With Which the Pitcher Plant Is Armed.

No trapper ever invented a snare for his prey more ingenious or a trap that ever had a higher percentage of "catches" than the pitcher plant, for few insects ever escape from the clutches of this horticultural meat eater. He catches them, holds them, drowns them and finally eats them.

And while he's doing it he smiles so innocently and prettily that you would imagine him one of the quietest and most peaceable flowers of the woods.

His leaves are his insect traps. They are a greenish purple and fold together like a cornucopia, with a half closed lid covering the top. The inner walls of this "pitcher" are lined with hairs, which point downward and are covered with a sweet, sticky fluid.

This fluid is regular "candy" for the bees and flies. The insect enters the half closed door of the pitcher, tastes the honey and begins to explore the interior. As he crawls forward the hairs bend with him and give him free passage. But when he tries to return he finds that these hairs are veritable barbed wire entanglements to keep him a prisoner.

The insect tries to fly out, and the curve at the top of the pitcher bars his way. He dodges this way and that, bewildered, until he tumbles in a little well at the bottom of the pitcher, where he drowns.—Exchange.

### Heron's Foot For Bait.

So great is the heron's repute as a fisher that it has long been thought that its feet, owing to some peculiar scent or oil which they were supposed to possess, attracted the fish, more especially eels, to within easy reach of its beak. In some places the rustic angler still believes that if a heron's foot is placed with his worms the latter are more eagerly taken by fish.—London Outlook.

### Quite Friendly.

The women who called just because they couldn't get out of it were met at the door by the maid. "My mistress is taking her beauty sleep," she said.

"How long does it take her?" asked one of the women.

"Oh, less than half an hour."

"She looks it," said the other woman in a whisper to her friend. Then they left their cards and trotted along.—Argonaut.

### Charity Begins at Home.

The absentminded Professor Lumplin is always so shabbily dressed and presents altogether such a broken down appearance that the other day on seeing his own image reflected in a large mirror he drew out his purse to give himself alms.—Lustige Blaetter.

### Exchanging Views.

First Boy—My paw says he's sick over paying his income tax. Second Boy (proudly)—Well, he ought to be like my paw. He says he doesn't have to pay any.—Judge.

### His Job.

"We all owe something to our ancestors."

"True, but paying what I owe to my contemporaries is keeping me poor."—Detroit Free Press.

Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.—Benjamin Franklin.

# Jennie Hatch's Secret

## Only One Other Person Shared It

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Jennie Hatch was a sea captain's daughter and lived in New Bedford in the whaling days when ships went off on long voyages for oil. Jennie grew up almost as good a sailor as her father. When she was ten years old she could handle a pair of oars as well as her strength would permit and when she was fourteen would be seen any time in the bay on which she lived sailing a little boat with a leg-o'-mutton sail, skimming the water like a bird. She didn't seem to mind it when the wind was quite fresh and the waves were rather large for so small a boat.

True, on one occasion she was capsized by her main sheet getting caught in the tiller, but she clung to the boat till she was rescued and laughed at her rescuers as though she considered her ducking a good joke.

It was that cheery disposition and absence of fear which made her popular with her neighbors, who were all amphibious, and, as for the few young fellows who were not at sea, they were all in love with her, to say nothing of those who were at sea and came ashore for short periods. When she came to a marriageable age her father wished that his first mate, David Larraway, should get the prize. Possibly David might have won her had he passed more of his time ashore. But a man who is gone on a two or three years' voyage, as sailors were in those days, was not very well situated to make love to a girl ashore.

Besides, David was thirty when Jennie was seventeen, a matter of fact chap, steady as a rock and not at all demonstrative. Captain Hatch had been on the same ship with him for eight years and during that time had learned that he was as reliable in foul as fair weather. And that was the reason why he wished Jennie to be his wife.

Jennie at this time was of an age in which a girl has not yet let go of boys to care for the attentions of men.

One day when the captain and his first mate were on their way back from a three years' cruise Hatch intimated to Larraway that if he could win Jennie it would be a relief to her parents. They feared she might take up with some worthless fellow who would make her miserable. Dave confessed to the captain that he had loved Jennie ever since she was passing from girlhood to womanhood. He had intended to speak to her as a lover before they had sailed from New Bedford, but somehow he couldn't get out what he had to say. The captain laughed at him and told him to "heave the lead" when they returned.

But when they brought the ship into port and went ashore they found a great change in Jennie. She was not only three years older, but all the sprightliness that had made her so attractive had gone out of her. Some thing had happened during their absence. What was it? No one except herself seemed to know, and she told no one.

Soon after her father had gone to sea on this voyage from which he was returning a young sailor named Baker had come into port and remained there several weeks while his ship was unloading her cargo and loading for another voyage. He was a handsome chap, with a devil-may-care way about him that was especially attractive to young girls. But he was dissipated—at least during his stay ashore—and when he sailed left a number of unpaid accounts behind him, mostly for liquor.

Ned Baker paid some attention to Jennie Hatch. It was known that her mother had reproved her daughter for associating with him, but this was all. When his ship was about to sail he was carousing on shore with a number of his messmates, and the party were carried on board by an officer and a boat's crew that had been sent for the purpose. This was town talk after the sailing of the ship, and Jennie's friends considered that if she had had any serious intentions with regard to Baker it was well for her that he had shown in good time what he was.

Such a condition was not favorable to Larraway's attempting to win Jennie's hand. He did not attempt to do so, but he showed his great friendliness. This she accepted—indeed, seemed to need. Her father's ship—the Jennie Hatch, named for her—remained in port several months for repairs, and during this time Larraway saw a great deal of Jennie. No one seemed to consider their being together anything more than friendship, for they did not act like lovers. At any rate, Jennie's behavior toward Larraway seemed that of a woman toward an elder brother.

After awhile Larraway took on a serious look as well as Jennie. He saw her less often and seemed to be distressed about something. When his ship sailed, before going aboard he went to Jennie's home to bid her goodby, but no one except themselves knew what passed between them. On the voyage the captain wished to ask the mate some questions, but Larraway gave him no encouragement to do so.

When the men returned to New Bedford the friendly intercourse between Larraway and Jennie Hatch was renewed, and this time their friends began to think there was something in the nature of a courtship between them. But Larraway sailed again without there being any evidence of an engagement between him and Jennie, and there seemed to be no prospect of an engagement.

When the Jennie Hatch returned to port again her captain decided to give up the sea and settle down on shore. Larraway was made master of the vessel. Shortly before he sailed again it was announced that he and Jennie were to be married and she was to sail with him. Much disappointment was expressed that the wedding was private, no one but the bride's family being present. It was noticed that Jennie did not act like a woman who had married the man she loved. The gossips had it that young Baker had taken her heart with him when he sailed, though he was drunk at the time, and she had married Larraway to please her parents.

However, the pair, being at sea and consequently out of hearing of what was said about them, were not affected by it. The sailors aboard the Jennie Hatch considered them lovers, though there was a seriousness about the wife that was inapplicable.

The Jennie Hatch had completed her work at sea and was returning when, after some very heavy weather, they came upon a wreck. That there were living persons aboard was evident from a distress signal. A boat was sent to the rescue and a crew of twelve men brought aboard the Jennie Hatch, after which the wreck was scuttled. The rescued crew were in fair condition, except one man, who had been knocked down by a sea that had come aboard and received an injury on the head.

When the men from the wreck were coming aboard Captain Larraway and his wife stood on the quarterdeck looking down upon them. Suddenly Jennie clutched her husband's arm. He turned and saw her eyes fixed on the injured man, who was being hoisted aboard. Her face was livid.

"What is it?" asked the husband anxiously.

"Come below with me and I'll tell you."

Larraway handed his wife down the companionway, and they disappeared in their cabin.

"It is he," said Jennie as soon as they were alone.

"Baker?"

"Yes."

During Edward Baker's stay in port several years before he had persuaded the girl who had fallen in love with him to a clandestine marriage. When instead of bidding his bride goodby before sailing he had chosen a sailor's spree ashore a great revulsion had sprung up within her. When Larraway returned she needed some friend to sympathize with her, and when he asked her to marry him she revealed his secret.

During Larraway's last voyage with Captain Hatch, Jennie in looking over the shipping news in a newspaper had seen among the death notices the name of Edwin R. Baker. He had been killed at Valparaiso in a fight between a party of liberty men ashore and some citizens. Although the name was slightly different, Jennie believed that her husband of a few days was dead. On Larraway's return from his voyage she had told him of her supposed freedom, and Larraway persuaded her to take her widowhood for granted and marry him.

And now the man had turned up to mar the happiness of a loving couple, and aboard the same ship!

When Jennie had caught sight of the face of the man who was being carried on board he was looking directly at her. What surprised her was that he showed no recognition. She hoped that he would not remember her while they were cooped up in the same ship. For a time she preferred to keep to her cabin, where she would not meet him. But, curious to know if he had forgotten her and fearing that the sailors would blame her, the only woman aboard, for not visiting an injured man, she asked her husband to take her to see him.

When Baker looked at her he showed no sign of remembrance of her. It occurred to her that the blow on the head he had received had occasioned a loss of memory. She asked him some questions that confirmed the suspicion. The man did not remember his own name.

Larraway and his wife looked at each other meaningly and withdrew to their cabin. The secret that they alone knew was still theirs and would remain so until Baker recovered his memory.

The man who was the legal husband of Jennie and the man who was her husband in all except a legal sense remained aboard the same ship till she reached port. Then Captain Larraway settled upon the injured man enough to keep him from want, but left his future in the hands of his comrades. What they did to discover who he was Larraway never knew, for he never asked. Once a month a certain bank paid on Larraway's account a sum to the person charged with Baker's care. All that Larraway or his wife knew of what became of him was that several years after this unfortunate meeting Larraway was notified by the bank through which the payments were made that no more funds were required—the man was dead.

Before the Jennie Hatch had picked up the shipwrecked crew Mrs. Hatch had given birth to a boy, and it was this serious fact that influenced Larraway and Jennie to keep their secret and make no change in their relations

# THE TALE OF A BOBCAT

By M. QUAD

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"Friends and naybuurs," began old Joe Grimm as he took a seat on a cracker barrel at the crossroads store, "you all know that up to five y'ars ago I lived over in Joe Davis county. I had a squat over thar by the big Blue Gum swamp. Thar was forty acres of land in the squat, and it was mighty pore land. It was all I could do to raise nuff co'n and taters fur me and the ole woman. If it hadn't been that the Blue Gum was full of varmints that I could trap in the winter and sell their furs I reckon we should have starved out.

"One winter, for some reason or other, most of the varmints left the swamp, and it was mighty poor trappin'. I got just enough fur to keep us goin', and as a consequence when spring and summer cum along we was powerful hard up and like to go hungry in another month.

"One night arter the ole woman had given me three or four hints about laziness we went to bed feelin' that Providence was to blame for it all. Along about midnight she nodged me awake and said:

"'Joe, I have got a bright idea. It's fur you to go in the swamp tomorrer and set a deadfall to catch a bobcat. If you kin ketch a big bobcat mebbe you kin sell him at Mud Flats or the Bend to some one fur a pet. He orter bring at least $5.'

"It was worth thinkin' about," said Joe, "and next day I reckoned it might pay to try it. I went out and set a deadfall, and while I was doin' it a bouncin' big bobcat ran up a tree clus beside me and gin a screech that riz my ha'r up.

"That night about 12 o'clock we was awoke by the durndest screamin' and screechin' that a man ever heard of. It come from a bobcat who had meddled with that deadfall.

"We got her caged, and next mawnin' I set out for the town of Mud Flats. I went thar kase thar was two or three rich men in the place who might buy the cat and kase thar was to be leeshun thar that day.

"Eight miles below Mud Flats was Walnut Bend, a town of about 1,500 people, without any mud in front of it. The Benders wanted the county seat moved over thar, and after a lot of hard feelin's about it it was agreed to hold a leeshun. It was to be held in Mud Flats, and that is what brung about 250 Benders over thar the day I drove in with the cat. I hadn't driv inter the town yit when I met old Jim Darby in the road. Arter he had nodded to me and took a look at the cage he says:

"'What ye got thar, Joe?'

"'A big bobcat,' I says.

"'What ye goin' to do with him?'

"'Sell him if I kin.'

"Ole Jim steps aroun' to the back of the wagon and peeks in and the cat gives a scream and spits in his face. With that, old Jim backs up and walks the road a few feet. When he cums back to me he says:

"'Joe, these Mud Flatters are a tricky lot. They have formed in line in front of the polls and are goin' to vote so slow that us Benders won't stand no show to git the county seat. I wonders'—

"'What ye wonderin' about, Jim?' says I.

"'I think we might make use o' that cat—I think so. If he was turned loose down by the votin' place what would he do?'

"'Why, he would bite and claw until you could smell sulphur.'

"'I reckon he would, Joe. What I want of him is to drive these Flatters away from the poles and gin my men a chance to hold the land. If you think he kin do this there is $10 in it fur you.'

"'I want jest four times that, Jim,' says I, seein' my advantage.

"Jim sticks fur awhile, strokin' his red chin whiskers, and he finally cums to my terms. He tells me what to do as he passes up the money and starts back to the town and gives his men the wink, and they all draws off to an old barn farther down the street. Then I drives in and stand up in my wagon and shouts out that I have a big bobcat for sale. The street was full of men, but no one minds me. I shouts out that I will take $5 fur the varmint. Then I lowers the price to $4—and $3—and $2, and arter about ten minutes of this hollerin' I gits the signal from Jim, and I pretends to git mighty mad, and I yells out:

"'If nobody will buy this bob of me then I am goin' to turn him loose and let him find his way back to his lovin' home in Blue Gum!'

"What I did took the crowd by surprise. I turned to the cage and tore off a couple of slats, and the cat cum out like a bullet. He clawed my cap off as he cum and then bit the ole mule on his way to the ground, and a fiend was let loose in Mud Flats.

"He broke up that votin' line in thirty seconds, and he drove men inter stores and shops and houses. Lawd, but he was a fury! He was as mad as six b'ars rolled inter one.

"It was when the cat started fur home that Old Jim appeared with his men and formed a solid line befo' the polls. They kept that line all day in spite of many fouts, and when the closin' hour came they had the county seat by 150 majority. And when I got home and showed the ole woman the money and told her we could live a life of luxury fur the rest of our lives she jest up and fainted away."

# PUZZLED THE POET

## The Societies Formed to Study Browning's Works.

## HE DIDN'T FEEL FLATTERED.

**Thought It Peculiar That It Required Organized Effort to Understand His Genius — An Afternoon Tea and a Story About Tennyson.**

In her book "Pleasures and Palaces" Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich, formerly Elsmor Calhoun of California, who as a young woman won fame as an actress abroad, gives this story of her meeting with the poet Browning:

The revealing charm of London lay not alone in making acquaintance with those who "dwell in marble halls" (in England, be it said, they are not marble, but sculptured wood or sculptured stone and ancient tapestry), but in that vast universe of houses, big and small, whose lights glimmer softly through hazy atmosphere or blink morosely in the fog, where the aristocrats of genius also rove. On certain days, from gray and dull, the place suddenly brightened into a new enchantment, as into my picture there came along some poet or painter, some writer of novels or other great one whose name since childhood had made my heart flutter like the yellow poppies on the California hills.

In response to the invitation, "Won't you come in for a cup of tea with us on Wednesday afternoon?" I had gone to the house of a new acquaintance, finding in reality a crush of fashionables in her drawing room. She put me into a seat and introduced me to an old lady on my right and an old gentleman on my left, both of whom looked very bright and alive.

"Mrs. Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall), mother of Adelaide Procter. Mr. Browning—the poet, you know."

At the names my heart thumped. I was wedged in between them.

"I surely have a lucky star," I said, "to think of my good fortune in being placed just here!"

"Yes," piped the old lady merrily; "it's nice to like one's fellow sardines."

Browning said:

"I am always glad to meet Americans; they are so appreciative, only in one way they're worse even than our people here. I think I may say that the thing that puzzles me most in the world is the Browning society, and America seems full of Browning societies."

"That shows how much you mean to America," I ventured.

"H-m, yes," he answered dryly, "it isn't very flattering to think you can't be understood without the aid of organized effort." He was very sweet and laughed at himself.

I mentioned Tennyson. Old Mrs. Procter said: "Look sharp. He does not love Americans. I simply adore Lowell, and Tennyson is one of my dearest. I've tried in a hundred ways to have him meet Lowell, but he answers like a brute. I'll not give up though. Lowell wrote me a poem on my birthday. I thought that would fetch Alfred, so I took it down to Haslemere, flirted it before his face.

"'You shan't read it,' I said. He grunted. I folded it up and stuffed it into my pocket and said, 'I'm back to town.' He pouted like a naughty child, seized my hand and growled:

"'You may read it.'

"'Oh, no, never,' I said. He finally insisted. 'Well, since you beg me to, it begins like this: "I know a girl, they say she is eighty"'— I paused. '— familiar" snorted Alfred, never cracking a smile.' The old lady chuckled. "But he's an angel all the same, they're both angels."

In the midst of our talk somebody began to play a long classical piece on the piano. Everybody said, "'Sh!" Browning, who was in great vein, whispered, "I abominate piano players—murderers of conversation." It was cruel: the piano ran the whole gamut of its possibilities for half an hour. Mrs. Procter and Browning rolled their eyes at each other and at me as if in agony. At last it stopped. Browning applauded frantically, holding out his hands and looking back over his shoulder at us, while he began to say, "Thank God, it's over! I must tell you about the strangest experience I ever had. It was in France"— Just then the pianist began an encore. Browning almost groaned: "What's she doing? You don't think she is going to"—

"Yes," I said, "you applauded so hard she had to begin again."

"God forgive me!" he wailed. "Never again will I commit that error."

The old lady choked with laughter, and Browning bolted for the door.

### Girls in Guatemala.

None of the maidens in Guatemala are allowed to go abroad from their homes without the company of a chaperon, and a lover is only allowed to come and court his sweetheart through the heavily barred windows of her father's home. After they are married they pass along the streets in Indian file, the woman marching ahead, so that the husband can be in a position to prevent any flirtations.

### A Fizzle.

"My speech fell flat."

"You told me you had rehearsed it until you could say it either backward or forward."

"I had. But I started it backward and couldn't switch."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Life is a campaign, not a battle, and has its defeats as well as its victories of att.

# PATROL DRIVES SAILORS MAD

**Letter From a British Tar in the Atlantic Blockade Makes Pathetic Reading.**

The peril, hardship, cold and loneliness that has driven mad some of the tars who man the British blockade fleet outside the three-mile limit off our Atlantic coast, has been written of by an Englishman riding "The Tides of Barnegat" aboard the Sydney, to an old mate in this city. This is the same Sydney that ran the notorious German raider Emden ashore on an Indian ocean island and shot her to bits. The Sydney recently has been transferred to the Atlantic blockade fleet. The letter says in part:

"Dear Jerry: It looks as though we were to spend another Christmas on the briny deep. It has been terribly cold out here and we have had a hard time of it. The other night we ran short of coal and had to shoot down to Bermuda.

"Jerry, of all the places God ever made, Barnegat, or whatever they call it, is the worst. If it ain't blowing it's snowing or raining, and there is a continual swell running that keeps your insides snug against your main companionway for days at a stretch.

"Give me the life of the North sea, chasing perrys (submarine periscopes). You could get a bit of a thrill doing that—and it was worth while getting hit. Out here you might as well be on a training ship. The men are mostly sickly and you can't exactly call them happy. They have nothing to think of except the arrival of the cutter with papers and letters. Lord save us from another job like this.

"I heard some of the boys in the Caronia (former Cunard liner, now converted cruiser) went crazy, and I don't blame them a bit. A lot of us will be going the same way before long. We are looking for the cutter today and expect to get a supply of fresh greens. But she'll smash herself to pieces against our side, I suppose, and lose everything. That's what happened last time. The bloody pilot must have been a tram conductor in Putney.

"We lost a man over the side who was reaching for a sack of lettuce or something. God! He shot down between us and the rotten little tug so quick that there was no chance to save him. He was a young fellow, too, and had a mother living in Fulham Palace road, Hammersmith."

### Fountains in France.

Who is responsible for the dry fountain? asks the London Chronicle. A correspondent cites a case from Groombridge, in Sussex. Just before you enter that picturesque town you see a fountain, with a seat, a horse-trough and even a dog's drinking place. Alas! never once, on several visits, could I get a draft of water from it, though the drinking cup remained to testify to its one-time beneficence to thirsty wayfarers.

They do these things so much better in France. You will find few French villages without a public fountain, a fountain, moreover, that is often a work of art. What English villages do you recall where a free draft of water is available? Should you desire such, you must summon up enough courage to ask at a cottage door, to be confounded, probably, with that nuisance of rural life, the tramp. Externally, we English take water liberally enough; internally, we seem agreed to boycott it.

### Activities of Women.

Greek women, generally speaking, have no individuality.

Only one woman finds employment in Ireland as against 12 men.

Mrs. Harold Almert of Chicago, national woman champion trapshooter, is the mother of two children.

Chinese women have started an aggressive campaign for the restoration of a monarchy in that country.

Since the no-treating law went into effect in London the drinking among women has greatly decreased.

There has been an increase of 25 per cent in the employment of women in London banks since the war began.

Miss Laura Taylor owns an 80-acre farm in Cleveland county, Oklahoma, where she specializes in hogs and beeves. While she does not do the actual labor on the farm, she is head of the project in every sense of the word, planning, directing and overseeing the work.

### On the Field of Honor.

In a field in the Department of the Aisne, where the English were beaten in September, 1914, some of our territorials discovered two isolated mounds covered over with grass and surmounted by wooden crosses, one of which bore the word "Tin" and the other the word "Rubbish." Greatly affected, our territorials gathered flowers, of which they made bouquets, which they piously placed upon the mounds. Then, with a trembling hand, they wrote upon the crosses this inscription: "Dead on the Field of Honor!" There the inscriptions remained until one day, when an officer, who understood English, had the sod broken open and discovered in one of the mounds many empty cans, and in the other a lot of worn-out clothing.—Le Cri de Paris.

### Soldier Leaves Fortune to the Poor.

The Koelnische Zeitung reports that Dietrich Henniger, a wealthy business man of Osnabrueck and sergeant in one of the Westphalian reserve regiments, has left his entire fortune of $300,000 to the poor of his native town. The philanthropist was killed in France in September. When he went to the front he deposited his last will with a notary.

# GREATER THAN A KING.

**The Old Mississippi River Pilot Was a Law Unto Himself.**

In that early day to be a pilot was to be "greater than a king." The Mississippi river pilot was a law unto himself—there was none above him. His direction of the boat was absolute; he could start or lay up when he chose; he could pass a landing regardless of business there, consulting nobody, not even the captain; he could take the boat into what seemed certain destruction, if he had that mind, and the captain was obliged to stand by, helpless and silent, for the law was with the pilot in everything.

Furthermore, the pilot was a gentleman. His work was clean and physically light. It ended the instant the boat was tied to the landing and did not begin again until it was ready to back into the stream; also for those days his salary was princely—the vice president of the United States did not receive more. As for prestige, the Mississippi pilot, perched high in his glass inclosure, fashionably dressed and commanding all below him, was the most conspicuous and showy, the most observed and envied creature in the world.

No wonder Sam Clemens, with his love of the river and his boyish fondness for honors, should aspire to that stately rank. Even at twenty-one he was still just a boy—as indeed he was till his death—and we may imagine how elated he was, starting up the great river as a real apprentice pilot who in a year or two would stand at the wheel, as his chief was now standing, a monarch with a splendid income and all the great river packed away in his head.—Albert Bigelow Paine in St. Nicholas.

# HUNGRY ALL THE TIME.

**In Other Ways, Too, the Earthworm Is a Curious Creature.**

Midnight is the favorite play hour for earthworms. To catch a glimpse of them in the daytime you'll have to dig in the earth, which is their home, or watch for them after a heavy rain, when they can be found on top of the ground. But go out any warm night with a lantern, lie close to the ground on a lawn or terrace, and you'll probably see them in abundance.

Probably you've regarded the earthworm merely as a good fish bait and have never taken the trouble to learn his habits. When he's prowling around at night he's usually enjoying a feast on decaying leaves, grasses or animal matter. Before daylight he's back in the ground, burrowing his way in search of more food. His alimentary canal extends from one tip of his body to the other, so it's little wonder he's always hungry.

He has neither ears nor eyes, yet he's sensitive to light, and he knows when night comes just as other creatures with eyes. Another interesting fact is his method of laying eggs. He grows a band around his body like a belt, in which he deposits the eggs. Then he gradually works his way through this belt until he slips it off, when it closes up and forms a capsule to protect the eggs until they are hatched.

Vegetable growers sometimes regard the earthworm as a nuisance. They should be thankful, however, that those of North America are not so large as those in South Africa, where there are earthworms four and five feet long and as thick as a man's finger.—Philadelphia North American.

### How Plants Remain Upright.

If a flowerpot is laid on its side the stalk of the plant growing in it gradually curves upward until it resumes the vertical position. This is called geotropic curvature, and the question is by what means the plant is stimulated to change its direction of growth. One theory avers that movable starch grains in the plant cells fall to the lower side as the position is changed and by their pressure influence the mechanism of growth.

### The Ink That Homer Used.

Ink of various hues was used by the ancient Romans, that of a purple tint being considered the exclusive fluid for the execution of all royal writings, as it was distinctively the royal color. It is said that Homer's works were written in letters of gold on a roll 120 feet in length, formed of the intestines of serpents, but we are left in ignorance as to the method of preparing this ink.

### Badly Balanced.

A witty Frenchman wrote at the commencement of this century a very interesting and amusing book bearing the title, "Les Agremens et les Chagrins des Mariages." In this work the first four pages are devoted to the "agremens" (joys) and the remaining 350 to the "chagrins" (sorrows).

### The Real Trouble.

He—Miss Hibrowe is completely disgusted with the modern young man. She says he is incapable of thought. She—What the poor girl really means is that the modern young man is incapable of thoughts of her.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

### No Novelty.

"When I took Mrs. Gaddy out for an automobile ride she was nervous all the time for fear we should strike somebody."

"That was all put on. She's used to running people down." — Baltimore American.

### The Difference.

"I'd like to get a mile away from a spoiled child."

"I'd like to get a rod near him."—Baltimore American.

# THE PLAY IN CHINA

## It Is a Curious Mixture of Noise, Costume and Strut.

## DIN FROM START TO FINISH.

**It Begins When the Curtain Rises and Continues Until the Last Scene Ends the Agony—The Property Man a Mighty Important Personage.**

I was all tired and knocked out when I reached China, so I thought to myself, "I'll just go to a Chinese theater and spend a quiet evening. I won't understand anything, so I can doze off when I want to and come out as refreshed as a sprig of celery."

"What time does the play begin?" I asked as the guide led the way to the gallery, for in a Chinese theater the farther away you are the more aristocratic. No Chinese of caste would be caught in orchestra A.

"It have begin," he answered.

"How could that be?" I demanded, for it was still a few minutes of 8.

"It begin yesterday. It run two piecee days. It No. 1 play."

And so I found out. The better the play the longer it lasts. A Chinaman doesn't think he is getting his money's worth unless the play lasts a couple of days. Some of them continue a week. They consider a play that lasts only a night a curtain raiser and tag it on to a real play just to try it out.

The Chinese believe in noise. A theater isn't a theater to them unless it has a ladies' annex to a boiler factory just off stage. The hammering begins when the curtain goes up and continues until it falls. I soon found out that I erred seriously in coming to a Chinese theater to sleep. A person might drop off for a few minutes in a car shop, but he could never get near the knitting up of the raveled sleeve in a Chinese theater.

Chinese acting consists of the actors coming on again in another outfit of clothes. They come on, whirl a baton a couple of times and exeunt. While they are off another delegation of actors arrive with another collection of clothes. They whirl their clubs a few times and file out Indian style as another lodge arrives. There is no more expression on the face of a Chinese actor than on a punching bag.

When they want to show that the intrepid hero with a handful of men is trying to take a fortification against a vastly overwhelming enemy the property man hurries around in front of the hero with a black cloth stretched over a frame. This is the fortification, even though you can see his fingers gripping the breastworks. The dauntless hero marches across the stage, stops before the impregnable barrier, casts his eagle eye over it, draws his long sword and rips it asunder with one fell blow, the property man holding the swaying corner, while the hero marches through to victory. The intrepid hero stops to explain to his subordinates how he was able to accomplish the feat, while the property man drags the ramparts into the wings and begins pinning them up for the attack in the next act.

In a Chinese play there are no girls, their parts being taken by boys, speaking in a high, quavering voice as if something were too tight. When an actor wants to show that he is old he ties on a beard that comes to his waist. The beard works off to one corner and hangs grimly by one string, but the audience doesn't worry about that. They know that he is an old man because he has a beard.

I was constantly alert to figure out what kind of show it was. When I first got there and saw the constant change of costume I thought that it must be a musical comedy, but after studying it more closely I saw that it was a farce. When they began to kill people I came to the conclusion that it was an operetta. Later, when the hero found his wife in another man's arms, I decided that it was a problem play.

The most important person in a Chinese show is the property man. Alongside him the lead sinks into insignificance. He has charge of the show. The show opens when he says and closes when he wants to go out to a tea house. He keeps his properties where they are handy—down stage by the proscenium arch—right out where the audience can lean over and almost touch them. To know what is coming next all the audience has to do is to look over and see what the property man is getting ready.

Hour after hour the play continued without an intermission. Midnight came, and the actors seemed to be just getting into the spirit of the play. When I remembered that the play had been running for two days I felt sure that the next five minutes would see the last costume, but the show still continued.

I clung desperately on, determined to be in at the finish when the last hot, feverish kiss was pressed on the upturned lips, but it didn't end that way. It ended when the leading man came rushing out with a cheese cutter and killed twelve men in breathless succession, the maimed and wounded thoughtfully crawling to the wings to die, thus giving the leading man the center of the stage until the envious property man came up and spitefully yanked the curtains to.—Homer Croy in Leslie's.

### Correct Answer.

"Why isn't a nautical mile the same as an ordinary mile?"

"Because it is knot."—Boston Transcript.

The more one judges the less one loves.—Balzac.

### New Setting For an Old House.

Many an old house has been allowed to pass into a state of disrepair and finally has been torn down to make place for a more modern building merely because the owner has not been able to see in the old building a possibility for the attainment of attractiveness and charm by means of a new setting. The rarest gem in a battered setting can hardly show its value. Put it in platinum and gold, modern in cut, and the same gem is a glory to its owner. Provide the old house with nature's setting in the form of judicious planting, together with tasteful garden arrangement and a pergola, and straightway it is given a new lease of beauty.—L. G. Hoyt in Countryside Magazine.

### How He Took It.

"In training," said an instructor in athletics, "the strictest obedience is required. Whenever I think of the theory of training I think of Dash, who, after eighteen years of married life, is one of the best and happiest husbands in the world.

"'Dash,' I once said to him, 'well, Dash, old man, how do you take married life?'

"'According to directions,' he replied."

### The Clans of Scotland.

The clans of Scotland are generally understood to have arisen about the year 1008, during the reign of King Malcolm II. The legal power of the chiefs and the other remains of heritable jurisdiction were abolished in Scotland about 1740.

### And Then Profound Thought.

She—You shouldn't squeeze my hand going out of the theater. When I squeezed back I meant you to stop. He—Me? I—why, I—I didn't touch your hand!—Judge.


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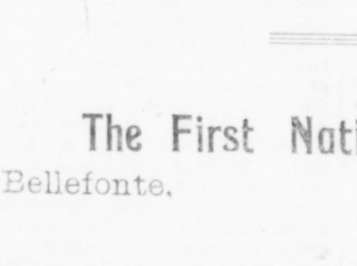

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A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 60c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

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Harry E. Fenlon

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Real Estate Bought and Sold,

RENTS COLLECTED.

# Here and There.

Major Fred Dale departed on Monday for Oswego, N. Y.

Boynton Daggett is visiting with relatives in Elmira, N. Y.

Mrs. L. H. Gettig is visiting with her daughter in Pittsburgh.

Miss Marie McGowan departed today for Rochester, Minnesota.

Miss Anna Keichline was a visitor to Philadelphia on Saturday, last.

Hard P. Harris was a business visitor to Philadelphia on Friday of last week.

Clyde Smith, the tailor, departed on Tuesday for New York to look over the spring styles.

Dr. Day, druggist at the Krumrine store, was a business visitor last week to Williamsport.

Samuel Irwin, of Philipsburg, has purchased the drug store of G. C. Boeking, at Tyrone.

Dr. E. S. Dorworth last Saturday quietly celebrated his eighty-second birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Robert Irvin departed on Monday for Altoona where she is visiting with friends for a few days.

J. M. Schiele, assistant in the Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office, spent Sunday at his home in Philipsburg.

Mrs. M. J. Locke and youngest child went to Philadelphia on Thursday of last week to visit for a short time.

Miss Grace Marvin departed on Saturday of last week for New York to look over the latest styles in millinery.

Rev. Father McArdle went to Harrisburg on Tuesday to attend the funeral today of the late Bishop Shanahan.

Former Judge and Mrs. Ellis L. Orvis were in Philadelphia last week to attend the funeral of the late W. J. Nicolls.

Miss Emma Aiken departed last Saturday for Philadelphia, planning to remain there a few days and then go to Boston.

Mrs. C. U. Hoffer, of Philipsburg, who had been visiting here with her father, C. T. Gerberich, returned home on Tuesday.

Clifford Rothrock, one of Lock Haven's enterprising merchants and a former Bellefonte boy, was a visitor in town on Wednesday.

Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, who spent two weeks here during the illness of Mrs. Barbara Gross, returned to Washington on Tuesday.

Samuel Meyers, traveling passenger agent for the Union Pacific Railroad, was a visitor in town during the latter part of last week.

A. E. Buchanan, of Harrisburg, division passenger agent for the Pennsylvania Railroad, was a visitor in town on Thursday of last week.

Mr. Snyder, who spent some months visiting here with his brother, Daniel Snyder, departed on Monday for his ranch at Waurika, Oklahoma.

Mrs. Ray Stauffer, of Hazelton, departed on Monday for home, after visiting here for a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Cooney.

Mrs. Patsy Stewart was hostess at a tea Monday afternoon at her home on West Linn Street. The day marked her eighty-first birthday anniversary.

Miss Emma Carpenter departed on Monday for her home in Elmira, N. Y., after a visit of several months with Mrs. Wells L. Daggett at the Bush House.

Harvey Gingher, for some time past employed in Frank Sasserman's barber shop, departed on Monday for Bellwood, where he will be located in the future.

The date for Mrs. Russell's lecture at State College on war work abroad has been changed to the evening of Thursday, March 2d, at 7.30 o'clock, in the old chapel.

A marriage license was granted Wednesday of last week at Cumberland, Maryland, to Isaac Gates Harpster and Miss Ruth Ethel Parsons, both of Penna Furnace.

The condition of Cheney K. Hicklen, who has been ill from heart trouble for some time, was said yesterday to be very critical. He is resting as comfortably as could be expected.

Miss Margaret McFarland, of Lock Haven, visited here over the week-end with Miss Sallie Fitzgerald. The latter entertained on Saturday evening in Miss McFarland's honor.

Miss Ellen Hayes had as her house guests over Sunday Miss Martha Darden, of Suffock, Va., and Miss Grace McBane, of Cleveland. On Tuesday Miss Hayes accompanied her guests to Sweetbriar, Va., where she will visit for a week or ten days.

Rev. C. W. Winey, of Altoona, was in town for a short time last Friday, coming to see his sister-in-law, Miss Annie Brown, of Freeburg, a nurse at the hospital. Miss Brown recently was operated on for blood poisoning, one of her hands having become infected from a slight wound caused by a scratch from a pin.

The fourth annual banquet of Bellefonte Lodge, No. 206, Loyal Order of Moose, was held in the lodge rooms last Thursday night and proved to be a most enjoyable occasion. Upward of 150 members of the lodge and their wives and sisters were in attendance. A delicious chicken supper was served. Toasts were responded to by Judge Quigley, T. H. Harter and District Attorney James C. Furst.

Miss Harriet Bullock entertained for a number of friends on Tuesday evening.

Herbert Bellringer, of Jamaica, N. J., was an over-Sunday visitor at the Bush House.

Miss Claire Lyon Nicolls was an arrival home from Philadelphia last Sunday evening.

Miss Adeline Robb, of Pittsburgh, is visiting here with her sister, Mrs. Harry Murtorff.

Mrs. Rebie Garman Cruse spen several days last week with relatives in Williamsport.

Lawrence Eckley, of Unionville, was a business visitor in town between trains on Wednesday.

Miss Marion Wilson, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with Mrs. Maggie Kane, on Howard Street.

Miss Lyda Miller, of Philadelphia, was an arrival here on Wednesday to visit with her father.

Y. M. A. basket ball team, of Altoona, vs. Bellefonte Academy Saturday evening, next, at 8.45.

Miss Rachel Stearns, of Williamsport has been visiting here as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace H. Gephart.

Mrs. Joseph Harris and children were arrivals in town on Wednesday and are visiting with Mrs. Rachel Harris.

Miss Hattie Miller, of Scottdale, is visiting with her grandmother, Mrs. Jonathan Miller, on Reynolds Avenue.

Miss Carrie Totsock will leave Saturday for South Bethlehem for an indefinite stay with her sister, Mrs. Joseph Black.

Miss Deborah Lyon, who is attending Penn Hall School, at Chambersburg, spent several days here recently with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Porter Lyon.

Mrs. J. A. Aiken and Mrs. Josie Loeb departed on Wednesday for Philadelphia. Before returning Mrs. Loeb will go to New York to buy spring goods for Newman's Lady's Shop.

Mrs. Frank McCoy and daughter Miss Anna, with Miss Kate Shugert and Mrs. J. F. Alexander, departed on Wednesday for Atlantic City where they will remain several weeks.

Mrs. Elizabeth Forrest, of Cleveland Ohio, has been spending several days in Bellefonte, having come here to attend the funeral on Monday of her grandmother, the late Mrs. Barbara Gross.

R. B. O'Hara and J. E. Lingdan, Adams Express Co. agents in Bellefonte and State College, respectively, were in Altoona on Tuesday attending a meeting of agents from a number of offices in the central part of the State.

About three hundred guests were in attendance at the annual bonquet last night of Bellefonte Lodge of Odd Fellows, David Miller was toastmaster. Responses were made by J. Kennedy Johnston, Rev. C. W. Winey, Samuel D. Gettig, Mrs. Jacob Hoy, Mrs. Charles C. Keichline, Professor Whiting, J. H. Potter, Arthur C. Dale, Jacob Hoy and Mr. Nichols, the last named being from New York. The banquet hall was tastefully decorated and a splendid menu was served.

### Emerick—Kramer.

John Emerick, of Altoona and Mrs. Elizabeth Kramer, of Columbus, Ohio, were married this week at the rectory of St. Mark's church, in Altoona by the Rev. James B. Egan. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Woods. After the ceremony a wedding supper was served, the immediate friends of the contracting parties attending. The bridegroom is employed as carpenter by the Altoona and Logan valley railway company, while the bride is a young lady of estimable qualities. They departed on their honeymoon, that evening, and will visit Philadelphia and New York city. On their return they will go to housekeeping in their newly furnished home in Altoona.

### Special Meeting of Pomona Grange.

The Centre County Pomona Grange will meet in special session Thursday of next week at State College. There will be two periods—afternoon and evening, and both meetings will be held in the Old Chapel, Main Building. The evening session will be in charge of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. State Past Master W. T. Creasy is expected to be present at this meeting.

It is urged that there be a large attendance of Patrons from over Centre County, as the meetings will be full of interest.

### Swallowed Poison Tablets.

Mrs. Verna Davidson, wife of Atlee G. Davidson, of Lock Haven, on Wednesday of last week swallowed several bichloride of mercury tablets and was saved from death only by the most heroic efforts by physicians. The woman's husband is a passenger brakeman on the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad. She took the poison, she said, upon being told by supposed friends that her husband was devoting his affections to another woman.

### Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice:

Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Berryman, William Caley, Arthur Dugan, H. M. Hennin, Raymond W. Holt, Mrs. Edna Johnson, M. Lipshutz, C. E. Mallison Harry Morgan, George Saxton, H. N. Tibbals, Mrs. J. W. Thomas, Thomas Walters and Miss Margaret Woomer. When called for please say advertised.

## OUR VANISHING DEER.

### The Most Graceful and Most Hunted of All Our Animals.

No animal on the North American continent has been hunted so relentlessly as the deer. That's why he is getting scarcer every year, and you'll have to look in a park or go into the mountains to find one today.

For convenience in distinguishing this animal from other members of the family scattered over the earth, we call him the "common American deer." He is also referred to at times as the roebuck, the jumping deer and the long tailed deer. He is small, compared with others of his family, like the moose and elk, and his color is brown in summer and gray-brown in winter. He weighs between 100 and 200 pounds.

The male deer carries a pair of horns, which he sheds each year after the breeding season. Then he grows a new pair, their size increasing as the deer grows older. The female deer, called the doe, has no horns.

They are vegetarians and live most of the year on shrubs, grass and the buds of trees. Sometimes they become bolder and visit a farmer's corn or wheat field. They also like berries.

The American deer is one of the most graceful animals on the continent, speeds over the open ground or through the forest with equal ease. It harms no one, yet it is the most hunted of animals. The reason is that the animal's flesh is most delicious. If you have ever tasted venison you'll see why men hunt the deer so relentlessly.—Philadelphia North American.

## LAW AND JUSTICE.

### The Old Squire Could Strike a Nice Balance Between the Two.

There is an old New England squire whose knowledge of the statute law is limited, but who has decided views as to common justice. Not long ago a certain Zed Smith was brought before him charged with larceny.

It appeared from the evidence that Zed had rented a horse from a farmer to do some hauling and that during the period the animal had remained in his possession he had fed it from the owner's stock of grain, although the agreement was that Zed himself should supply the feed. He was charged by the farmer therefore with the theft of two bushels of oats and corn.

"The statutes made and provided," the old squire announced ponderously, "say that theft is to convert to your own use the property of another. The horse is the servant of the owner, not of Zed, and Zed converted them oats to the horse's use, not his, so I acquit Zed of stealin' them oats. He ain't guilty of larceny."

Zed rose, thanked the squire and was about to leave the room when the old man called him back.

"As I said, Zed," he remarked, with a gleam of humor in his eye, "you ain't guilty of larceny, but you shore air guilty of something, and I'm goin' to send you to jail for a month for it."—Youth's Companion.

### How Tea Is Named.

In India and Ceylon teas are named according to the different leaves of the plant. The two small leaves at the tip of the shoot produce, as a rule, the best tea, known as "flowery" and "orange" pekoe. Pekoe without an adjective (literally "white down") is made from the leaf immediately below those of the orange and flowery. Next in the descending scale is the leaf of the somewhat coarser souchong ("little sprouts"), and lower still are larger leaves yielding congou (laborer's tea, or tea on which much labor is required to make it fit for the market) and Bohea. Blended tea is now often described as "congou." Originally the name Bohea was applied to any kind of black tea, it being assumed that it all came from Wui (pronounced by the Chinese Bui).—London Chronicle.

### When Pens Were First Used.

About the year 600 A. D. pens made of quills were introduced. This is shown by the fact that the word penna, a quill, is not found, it is claimed, in any work bearing an earlier date. Previous to that time the word calamus, signifying a reed, was exclusively employed as a designation for the vehicle used in transferring the ink to the parchment or other surface selected by the writers of that early age. Steel pens first came into use in 1803, and about twenty-two years later those composed of gold made their appearance.

### Almost a Getaway.

"Where are you going?" asked the proprietor of a rooming house who was roused in the early hours of the morning just in time to catch a lodger creeping stealthily downstairs with his baggage in his hands.

"Oh—er," stammered the lodger, "I was walking in my sleep."

"Umph! It's a lucky thing I wasn't walking in my sleep. I might have dreamed you paid me before you tried to leave."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### A Measure of Economy.

"Ritercus says he is not appreciated in his own community and that hereafter he will send all his humorous stories to publications in distant cities."

"A very good plan too. He wants to make a little wit go a long way."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

### Both Boiling.

"If water is stirred with a paddle for five hours it will be boiling."

"So would any cook who was asked to do it."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—Southey.

### The Gaelic A B C.

Every letter in the Gaelic alphabet is represented by a tree. The alphabet of today consists of eighteen letters—in ancient Gaelic seventeen—and now, as of old, all the letters with the exception of g, t and u, which stand for ivy, furze and heather, are called after trees.

The Gaelic A B C of today runs: Afim, beite, coll, dur, eagh, fearn, gath, huath, iogh, luis, muin, nuin, oiv, peith, ruis, suil, teine, ur, which is equivalent to saying elm, birch, hazel, oak, aspen, alder, ivy, whitethorn, lew, rowan or quicken, vine, ash, spindle tree, pine, elder, willow, furze, heath.

In the ancient Gaelic alphabet the letter h (the heath or whitethorn) does not exist. The alphabet is called the beth-luis-nuin, because b l n and not a b c are its first three letters.

There are many religions, but there is only one morality.—Ruskin.

**No, Thanks, Old Man—I Don't Need a Thing**

—Tell the boys at the office the wife and I are mighty grateful just the same.

Luckily, I took out an ÆTNA DISABILITY POLICY shortly before I fell downstairs and broke my arm. That brings me $50 a week once a month, and will as long as I'm totally out of the running, besides paying the surgeon. After that, $25 a week until I'm fit to tackle the job again.

You know how we all chipped in on a little collection for Del Morgan when he cut himself on that ink scratcher, got blood poison, and was laid up so long? While Del appreciated it, he was pretty embarrassed. That taught me my lesson. I telephoned the ÆTNA and told 'em I wanted to

**ÆTNA-IZE**

Now I'm independent. Better follow suit. No man's immune from accident or death or sickness. Write, call, or phone today.

**John F. Gray & Son**
Bellefonte - Pa.


### Blowing Flowers.

When amateurs speak of flowers "blowing" they are not using a mere vulgarism. They are speaking real old English. In the early tongue the verb "blowan" was used to indicate the opening of flowers. Instead of "blow" being a corruption of "bloom" it is the other way about. "Blossom" comes from the same root.

We do not grow the costard apple nowadays, but our forefathers set great store by the sort and bought it eagerly in the streets from the "mongers."

From costard monger to costermonger is a short step. Hawthorn, too, has its interest. The old form of haw was haga, which means hedge. Hawthorn is therefore simply hedge thorn.—London Graphic.

### Fully Occupied.

"Beauty is only skin deep."

"I consider that a wise provision of nature."

"Why so?"

"With that limitation the girls are kept busy enough."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Anatomical.

On a handcart advertising movie films in Tunbridge Wells has appeared the announcement: "The Sea Gave Up Her Dead. In Three Parts. All rights reserved."—London Standard.

Dan Clemson and Charley Doll went up to Altoona on Tuesday night to witness the performance of "Made in America."


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No basting required, as you pass the band through the folder follow it with flatiron and press the band so the two edges to the folder turn under. Will stay to their places. Five different widths, from ½ inch to 3 inch. Made out of spring brass No breakage. Always ready for use. Manufactured and sold by

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If so don't write. If not you can make good money demonstrating our new Gas treatment for colds, catarrh, asthma and sore throat of any kind, weak and infected lungs. Only one of its kind on the market. Gas generator lasts a lifetime, can be used by every member of the family. One year's treatment with each outfit. Get particulars, then get busy.

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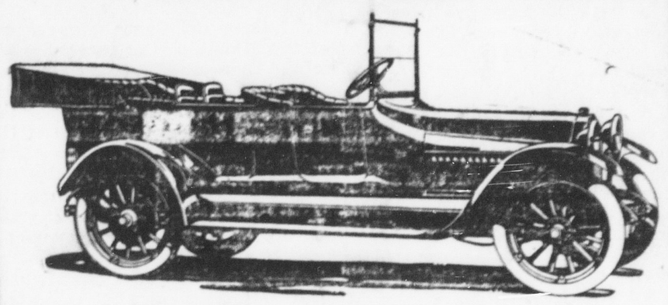

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